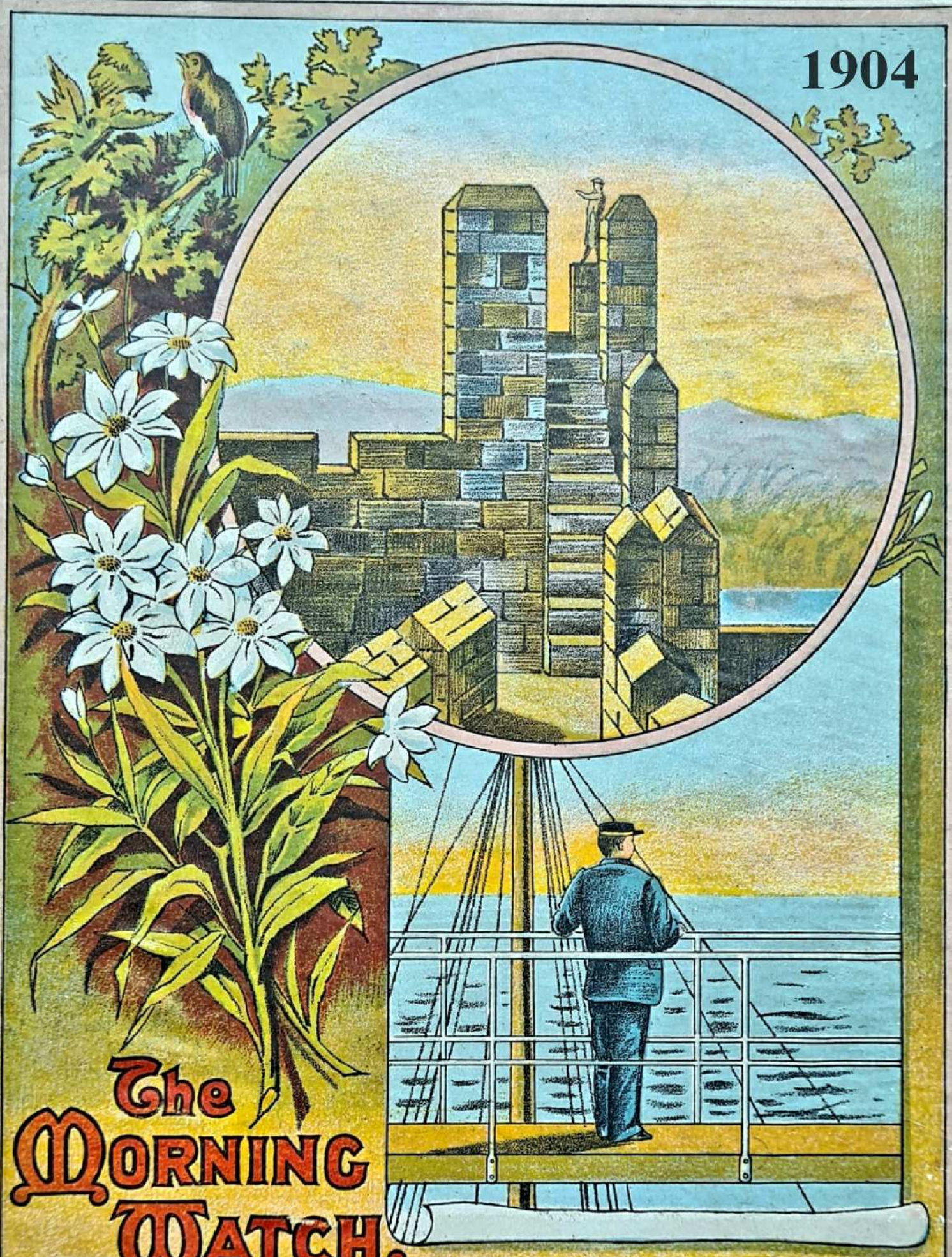

1904

The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK: JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LTD.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.
LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 57 & 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS LTD., LITHO.

THE

MORNING WATCH

EDITED BY

REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.

JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LIMITED, GREENOCK.

January, 1904. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XVII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 1.

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Mr. Dishart the minister in shaking hands with folks reminded them that it was leap-year, and wished them "three hundred and sixty-six happy and God-fearing days."—*Mr. Barrie's Auld Licht Idylls.*

He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.—2 Sam. 18, 27.

EVERY day hundreds of people throughout the country get letters, or rather envelopes, addressed and stamped all right, but with a mark like this on the outside:

FOUND AT GLASGOW
WITHOUT CONTENTS.

That is to say, the persons who sent them forgot to put the letters in. It is disappointing in any case, but much more so when one does not know the handwriting, and cannot guess who sent it.

Yet there are worse letters than those that are "without contents." Most of you, if you live, will get letters you are longing for, and when they come you will fear to open them. If you are wise, you will open them on your knees, for once you read them life will never be the same again.

If you yourselves have ever to write to any one who is anxious about something, and are able to send a message that will make the person glad, it is a good plan to put on the outside of the envelope, "*Good News.*" It will save a moment or two's suffering, and one can suffer so much in a moment! Never keep anyone needlessly "on the tenter-hooks."

Not only do we all get and send and carry letters, but we ourselves *are* letters, known and read of all men, and, as Paul says, we should be manifest that we are an epistle of Christ, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in tables that are hearts of flesh. "Every life has a meaning, we say; every face is a record; but this text goes further. The life of the Christian is an epistle; it has not only a meaning, but *an address;* it is a message from Christ to the world. Is Christ's message to men legible on our lives? When those who are without look at us, do they see the hand of Christ quite unmistakably? Does it ever occur to anybody that there is something in our life which is not of the world, but which is a message to the world from Christ? Did you ever, startled by the unusual brightness of a true Christian's life, ask as it were involuntarily, 'Whose image and superscription is this?' and feel as you asked it that these

features, these characters, could only have been traced by one hand, and that they proclaimed to all the grace and power of Jesus Christ? Christ wishes so to write upon us that men may see what He does for man. He wishes to engrave His image on our nature, that all spectators may feel that it has a message for them, and may crave the same favour."‡

In notices of men's lives one often comes across a phrase like this: "Under a somewhat rugged exterior the deceased concealed a warm and generous heart." But we have no right to have a rugged exterior, and still less right to conceal a generous heart. The outside should be worthy of the inside. Wise people cultivate not only a good disposition, but a good manner, a good *address*. Ladies and gentlemen are as particular about their envelopes as about their writing-paper. If we are filled with the Spirit of God, we shall have the anointing of the Spirit; we shall not be able to hide Whose we are and Whom we serve. We shall be like Him. But if we are not sons of light, and sons of the day, we shall be of the night and of darkness. There are letters, but there are no persons, "found without contents." We are all full of something, good or bad, and that which we are full of overflows and shows itself. "The mouth of the righteous is a fountain of life; but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked." Wherever you go this New Year's Day, and every day this year, I hope you will be the messengers of the Lord of Hosts.

‡ *Dr. Denney's Commentary on 2 Corinthians.*

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from Vol. XVI., page 138.)

What is thy name

The Notes under this heading were begun in January, 1899. The Women's Names gone over have been these: in 1899, Abigail, Adab, Adelaide, Agnes, Alice, Alison, Amelia, Annie; in 1900, Arabella, Augusta, Barbara, Beatrice, Bethia, Blanche, Bridget, Candace, Caroline, Catherine, Cecilia, Charlotte, Christina, Clara; in 1901, Clotilda, Constance, Cordelia, Cornelia, Deborah, Dorothy, Edith, Eleanor, Elizabeth, Elspeth, Emily, Emma, Esther, Eunice, Euphemia; in 1902, Flora, Florence, Frances, Georgiana, Gertrude, Grace, Grizel, Gulielma, Hannah, Helen, Henrietta, Hester; and in 1903, Isabella, Jane, Janet, Jean, Jemima, Joan, Jocosa, Joyce, Judith, and Julia—59 in all.

There are 50 other names for which I have gathered some material, but at what rate—if ever—these may be gone through, it is impossible to forecast. In any case, the Rachels and Rebeccas, the Sarahs and Sophias, the Susans and Ursulas and Winifreds,

What is thy name?

must wait patiently till their companions whose names come earlier in the Alphabet have had their turn. And long ere that time comes, may our Lord and Saviour Himself show them how sweet and beautiful their names may become through grace when they are united to His Own new Name. Meantime, let us learn from the story of another JULIA that we must always say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that. For we know not what shall be on the morrow.

Julia.

One of the best known buildings in Pompeii is the Villa of JULIA FELIX. It was discovered in 1754, shortly after the ruins of that city began to be opened up. On one of the walls is an inscription to this effect: "To let for five years, from the 15th of August, A Bath fit for Venus, for the Upper Ten, Shops, Rooms over Shops, and Second Story Apartments, all owned by Julia Felix, daughter of Julius Spurius." When that 15th of August came and went, and another week had come and gone, and she was still without a tenant, the unhappy Julia would doubtless begin to wonder how long it would be till she could take that Notice down. What would she have said, when the morning of that last day dawned, had she been told that within eight-and-forty hours the doors would be closed, and her property shut up and sealed by the dust and ashes and mud of Mount Vesuvius, not for five years running, "quinque continuos annos," but for one thousand six hundred and seventy-five, and that then it would be opened only to remain empty, swept, and garnished, for a hundred and fifty more!

The only other Julias I would mention are GIULIA AMMANNATI, the mother of Galileo the astronomer (1564-1642), and JULIA DENT, the wife of General Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States of America from 1869 to 1877. It was for her sake, to leave her a little money—his fortune having all disappeared through the rascality of a business partner—that he laboured bravely at the writing of his Memoirs while he was suffering from a painful and incurable disease. He finished the book only four days before his death in July, 1885.

Juliana.

JULIANA, another form of Julia, was once a very common name in England under the form of GILLIAN, from which we have the word JILL, as when we speak of *Jack* and *Jill*. Perhaps the best known bearer of the name in recent times was Miss JULIANA HORATIA GATTY (1841-1885), afterwards wife of Major Ewing, the author of *Jackanapes*, *A Flat Iron for a Farthing*, and many other charming stories.

JULIANA of STOLBERG (1503-1580) was twice married, and had in all seventeen children. She was a woman of strong character and affectionate nature, one who loved God, and brought up her children in His fear. In her letters she spoke to her illustrious sons, says Mr. Motley, as if they were still little children at her knee, entreating them in the midst of all trials and dangers to rely upon the great hand of the Almighty. Her three youngest sons died in battle in

What is thy name?

Juliana.

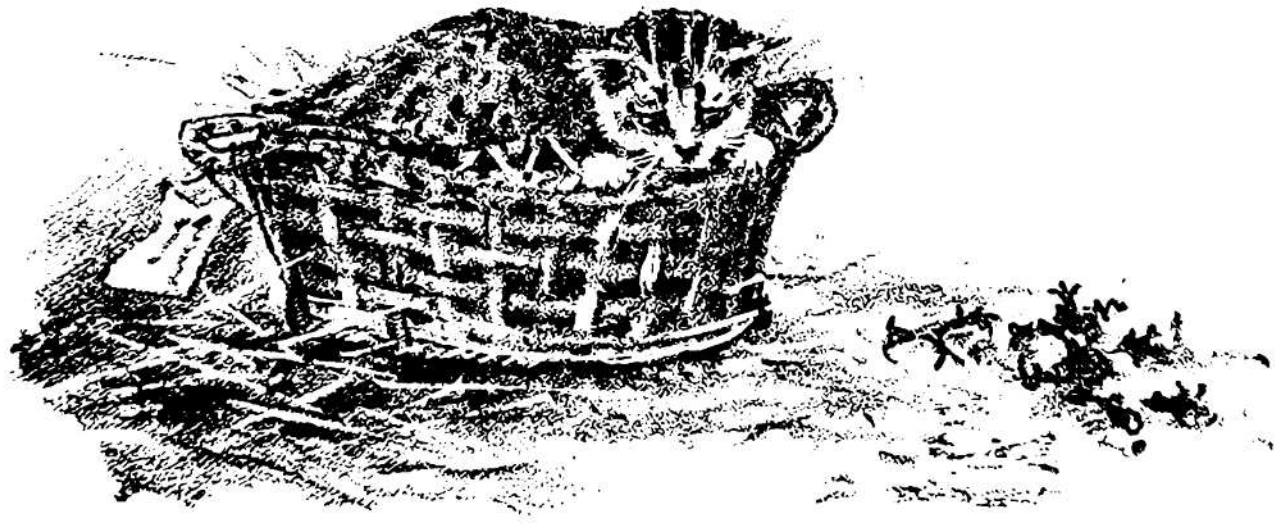
her own lifetime. Her descendants fill almost all the thrones in Europe at the present day. The Queen of the Netherlands, the Kings of Great Britain, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and the Emperors of Germany and Austria, are all tenth, eleventh, or twelfth in the direct line of descent. But the greatest of all who have sprung from her was her son, William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the man who broke the power of Spain, and frustrated the designs of the Roman Catholic Church, when it was planning the massacre of all Protestants both in France and Spain. He was assassinated in 1584, shot with a pistol bought with the very money the murderer had obtained from the Prince under the pretence that he was a poor Protestant.

Laura.

Myles Standish, 1584-1656, whose love story you may read in Longfellow's Poems, one of the bravest of the Pilgrim Fathers, that is, the company of one hundred men, women, and children who left England in the *Mayflower* in 1620 and became the founders of the United States of America, had a daughter LAURA or LORA. A beautiful sampler, sewn by her hand, is preserved in the Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, Massachusetts. It contains these lines:

> LORA STANDISH IS MY NAME. LORD, GUIDE MY HEART THAT I MAY DO THY WILL. ALSO FILL MY HANDS WITH SUCH CONVENIENT SKILL AS MAY CONDUCE TO VIRTUE VOID OF SHAME AND I WILL GIVE THE GLORY TO THY NAME.

"A happy New Year to you!"



He giveth snow like wool.—Ps. 147, 16.

MR. LOWELL, sometime United States Ambassador to this country, in an Essay called *A Good Word for Winter*, speaks of the footprints, the trail, which the wind leaves on the snow, and then goes on to say that, when we rise in the morning after a fall of snow, we find we have more neighbours and night visitors than we dreamed of. "Here is the dainty footprint of a cat; here

a dog has looked in on you like an amateur watchman to see if all is right, slumping clumsily about in the mealy treachery. And look! before you were up, though you were a punctual courtier at the Sun's levee, here has been a squirrel zig-zagging to and fro like a hound gathering the scent, and some tiny bird searching for unimaginable food, perhaps for the tinier creature, whatever it is, that drew this slender continuous trail like those made on the wet beach by light borderers of the sea." To us who live in towns the chance of seeing the zig-zags of squirrels is somewhat slender, but we may see in the snow, for all that, the marks of multitudes of little feet. The world is full of wanderers, and there are more highways and bigger traffic on them than we know. And every step is written in God's book.

Most of us have watched with a curious kind of pride the marks our feet have made in hitherto untrodden snow, and have been more or less surprised at the length of our steps and at the crookedness of the line we made. But the great lesson of the snow is this, that we leave foot-marks behind us in all weathers, wherever we go, though they may be too faint for unobservant, untrained, mortal eye to see them. We don't need to carve or scratch our initials to show we have been anywhere.

God sends us the snow, too, to show us what purity is and how quickly it can be lost, and He sends us it to show us what stillness and silence are, and how "visible" even they may be.

And the snow comes that we may slide and sleigh and toboggan on it, moving swiftly without effort and without friction and without cost, God's Own passengers. It comes, too, for boys and girls to make snowballs of, that they may have the joy of hitting and seeing that they hit, and the still greater joy of hitting without hurting. I hope God will let you have some snow-balling this year; only remember to use clean snow and soft snow, and don't throw it at any old body, or at any young person who isn't willing to join in the game. And when

your father is coming home from his work, pounce out when he is not looking, and hit him with a snowball on the back just between his shoulders, and he will be a proud man! Happy, happy is the man that has a little son to do that for him!

Children that have Something still to Learn.

SIXTH SERIES. No. 1.

Children that tease weak-minded people.

THAT poor woman "is not drunken as ye suppose." Even if she were, it would be wrong to make

sport of her. But she is half-witted, and when these children grow up, they will blush every time they remember what they did to her. "Half-witted" do we call her? She is wiser, after all, than many mighty men. For she knows there is something amiss with her, and she communes in a way of her own with God continually. And I am sure Christ will make up all that is on her part lacking.

Do you remember what the little daughter of Thomas Boston, who wrote *The Fourfold State of Man*, said when her mother and some others were laughing at a beggar child, with a defect in its speech, for pronouncing father and mother *fea* and *moa*? "Mother," she said, with tears in her eyes, "did God make that laddie?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Then will He not be angry at you for laughing at him? for my book says, 'He that mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker.'"

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests.—Matt. 8, 20.

THIS Mallard or Wild Duck—*Anas Boschas* is the scientific name—lived with his wife on a big loch in the north-east of England. When Spring came he wished their nest to be built, in the usual way, among the reeds at the loch-side. She begged him to try some other place, and reminded him that in the previous season twenty-one wild ducks had been lifted off their nests by the foxes that swarmed in the neighbourhood, and every duck had at least eleven eggs.

"Where else could I build it?" he asked.

Now if she had been an ordinary duck she would have said, "It's not you that will build it in any case, but me." Being a wise bird, however, she said, "I know a queer-shapen fir tree with a beautiful corner between three of its branches—"

But at the very mention of that, he fell into such a helpless state of laughter that he was almost caught by a big retriever that was prowling around. "Who ever heard of one of us building his nest in a tree?" he asked, when they met again ten minutes after.

"Why shouldn't we try a new plan if it's a good one?" was her answer, and then she cunningly added, "I think you are clever enough to do that if you try."

"And how far is this tree from the loch?"

"About a mile.

"And how high up is this wonderful corner?"

"About thirteen feet."

"And how in all the world are you to get our little ones down out of this ridiculous perch? and if you do get them down, how will you manage to get them to the water? For to the water they must get, unless, perhaps, you are going to make black-birds or crows of them. And you can't invite our friends to come to see us! And if we don't give an "At Home" in their honour now and again, they won't give one

for us, and we'll be up a tree then more ways than one."

When he said this he was beginning to get angry, but she laughed, and pecked him with her bill, and said, "You are a great wit, my dear."

"Don't you see it's impossible?" he said.

"Ah no, Anas! An at-home can be quite easily managed. They will be only too glad to come and see this clever idea of yours. And I'll lift our little ones down in my

bill ever so gently, and we'll get them to the loch beautifully. And if folks don't come to visit us, I would rather have no folks than one fox."

But it all happened as she said. Their "At Homes" were the greatest success of the season. When her little ones were born, she lifted them to the ground in her bill, and convoyed them to the loch, and did it all so cleverly, for God taught her, that though there were two gamekeepers, and three young ladies with cameras, watching almost constantly, not one of them saw it done. The gamekeepers, who had twenty-three shillings a week, were sorry they missed the sight because they would have written a letter about it to the newspapers and brought some glory to their master by describing such a sight as almost no man has ever seen. The young ladies, on the other hand, who had each £900 a year in her own right, thought that if they secured a good snap-shot, they might get five shillings or half-a-crown for it by sending it to one of the illustrated magazines, and that would be some compensation to them for their failures in the many picture and other puzzle prize competitions over which they had spent their own and their friends' time for months past.

The mallard and my lady have sixteen of a brood, and are the envy and admiration of all their acquaintance, and I am specially glad to be able to tell you that it is now beginning to dawn on him that the credit of it all belongs to his wife and to her alone.

The Pearl Ring.

I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the canker-worm, and the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm.—Joel 2, 25.

SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF in one of his *Diaries*, tells a curious story of the way a ring that was lost was found again. A Lady Katharine Bannerman, wishing to cross a loch near Stow, in the South of Scotland, took her little sister with her in the boat. That she might row with greater freedom, she took off her rings and laid them on one of the seats. The child, flying into a passion at something or other, very cruelly took up one of the rings, a pearl one, aud flung it over the side of the boat. Lady Bannerman instantly rowed back and put her sister ashore. Then, turning once more, she crossed the loch alone, and on the way, to her surprise, found the ring resting in the cup of a white water-lily! She got it back, as it were, from the hand of God Himself.

The little girl, let us hope, would get a good whipping that afternoon, and, we may be sure, would blush for her temper every time she saw that ring or heard the story told.

So it is in life. The joys and honours that others rob us of through no fault of ours, God buys back and restores to us, and they come with an added glory. But stranger still, many of the things that we ourselves fling away, He redeems—and He does it "with a price"—and *for our shame*, as Isaiah says, *we have double*.

Reasons for not going to Church. 6th Series—No. 1.

This young man spends a month in Switzerland every year mountaineering. He has been up the Matterhorn twice, but he did not go to church the other Sabbath, "because the roads were too slippery for anything." Yet his old nurse went, and she was either seventy-seven or seventy-eight last October.

1	F	HE IS RISEN, AND, BEHOLD, HE GOETH BEFORE YOU.—*Matt. 28, 7.*
2	S	Doth not He count all my steps?—*Job 31, 4.* At the top of a ladder of over 300 steps that leads into a copper mine in Tuscany are, or used to be, the words: "In Thy hands, O God, are all my ways."
3	S	At the commandment of the Lord they rested,
4	M	And at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed:
5	Tu	They kept the charge of the Lord.—*Deut. 9, 23.*
6	W	Not as I will,
7	Th	But as Thou wilt.—*Matt. 26, 39.*
8	F	Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.—*1 Sam. 3, 10.*
9	S	All that the Lord speaketh, that I must do.—*Numb. 23, 26.*
10	S	Get thee hence, Satan.—*Matt. 4, 10.*
11	M	For sin shall not have dominion over you.—*Rom. 6, 14.*
12	Tu	He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house.—*Ps. 101, 7.*
13	W	Therefore I chased the son of Joiada from me.—*Neh. 13, 28.* "The South African war has confirmed the old lesson, that even the bravest army, if it confine itself exclusively to the *defensive*, can never be victorious in the end, but can only delay its own downfall.—*General Von der Goltz.*
14	Th	The dragon shalt thou trample under feet.—*Ps. 91, 13.*
15	F	A troop shall overcome him; he shall overcome at the last.—*Gen. 49, 19.*
16	S	They overcame him because of the blood of the Lamb.—*Rev. 12, 11, R.V.*
17	S	He is gone in to lodge with a man that is a sinner.—*Luke 19, 7, R.V.*
18	M	God setteth the solitary in families.—*Ps. 68, 6.*
19	Tu	When thou makest a feast, call the maimed: and thou shalt be blessed;
20	W	For they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed.—*Luke 14, 14.*
21	Th	Send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared.—*Neh. 8, 10.* "A question arose at dinner (at Abbotsford, at Sir Walter Scott's, in 1831, the year before he died) as to whether two elderly ladies, neighbours, should be asked to a picnic. Some one said they would not add much to its liveliness, would in fact be 'bores,' whereupon a light came into the sick man's eyes and a flush into his cheek, and he exclaimed, 'I cannot call that good breeding.'"—*Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography.*
22	F	A nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old.—*Deut. 28, 50.*
23	S	Thy father's friend forsake not.—*Prov. 27, 10.*
24	S	Follow after peace with all men,
25	M	And the sanctification without which no man shall see the Lord.—*Heb. 12, 14.*
26	Tu	Go not forth hastily to strive.—*Prov. 25, 8.*
27	W	The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water.—*Prov. 17, 14.*
28	Th	Behold, how much wood is kindled by how small a fire!"—*James 3, 6.*
29	F	Only by pride cometh contention.—*Prov. 13, 10.* "Prof. Freeman declined to continue to write for the *Dictionary of National Biography* because we had a difference as to whether *Athelstan* should be spelt with an A or an Æ.—*Sir Leslie Stephen, K.C.B.*
30	S	He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.—*Prov. 16, 32.*
31	S	I know thy works, thou hast a little power.—*Rev. 3, 8, R.V.* The *Bolometer*, an instrument invented by Prof. Langley, Washington, U.S.A., registers the heat of a candle a mile and a half distant.

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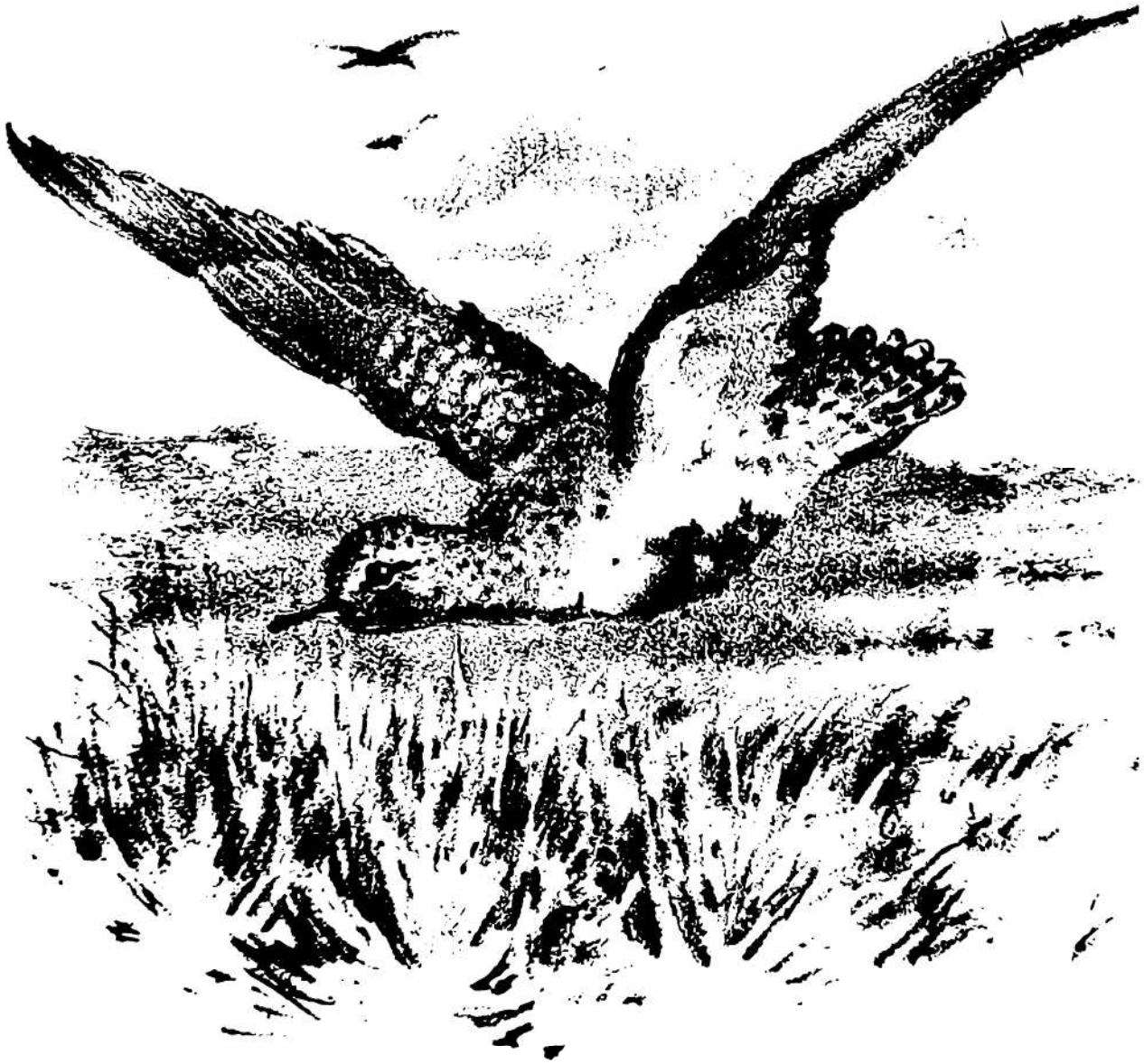

The Golden Plover.

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Leap Year.

Gather up the fragments.—John 6, 12.

WHY is 1904 called *leap* year?

If you were taking a friend home with you and one of the steps on your stair was an inch higher than the others, you would say to him, "Be careful, mind that high step!" Or if you were leading a little child by the hand over stepping-stones across a burn, and the distance between every third and fourth stone was greater than that between any other two, every time you came to that particular step you would say—"Now for a big jump!" "A long leap this time!" So every fourth year is called leap year, because it covers more ground than other years, it has more to leap over. A Year is the time our Earth, flying 18 miles a second, takes to go its long journey of 583 million miles round the Sun. If it finished the last mile at 12 o'clock at night on the 31st December, then a year would rightly be said to consist of 365 days. But, when that hour comes, it has still more than 370,000 miles to do, and the exact length of a year, therefore, or a complete revolution round the sun, is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 46 seconds, and nine two-hundredths of a second. But as it would be very awkward if every New Year's Day, and therefore every other day throughout the year, were to begin 5 hours, 48 minutes, etc., later than the corresponding day in the previous year, we take these odd hours and minutes, and lay them aside, and put them past for four years, till they amount to about 24 hours, and then we add a whole day at once to the year, and that keeps us right with the sun and enables us to begin and end every day alike at 12 o'clock at night. Yet you can easily see that four times 5 hours, 48 minutes. etc., don't quite amount to 24 hours, but only to 23 hours, 15 minutes, and 4 seconds, and nine-fiftieths of a second, and therefore to put things right again we have to drop three leap years every four hundred years. The years 1700, 1800, 1900, were all common years. But 2000—ah! where shall we be then!—will have 366 days for the people that will then be upon the earth, and so will every century whose first two figures divide exactly by 4, such as 2400, 2800, 3200. And still, after all, to keep things absolutely correct, astronomers tell us it will be necessary to make the years 4000, 8000, 12000, 16000 and so on, which would otherwise be leap years, only ordinary years. But doubtless, long ere some of these dates have come, the Great Day of Judgment will be past, and for all created beings time shall be no more.

O God, grant in Thine infinite

mercy, that all who read these words, when that hour comes, may be found at Thy right hand, redeemed by the blood of Christ and clothed in His righteousness.

If God had so willed it He could have made the Earth's yearly course finish at the stroke of midnight, and He could have made us know when the New Year began by sending thunder or lightning, or by giving us some other audible or visible sign in the heavens, just as in Edinburgh every day the firing of the time-gun from the Castle walls lets people know when it is one o'clock. But He wished men to search out his ways, and find out His secrets, and enter into His thoughts, and be filled with His Spirit of wisdom; therefore He hid things, but so hid them that they can be found out. We should often bless God for all the wise and great and clever men that there have been in the world, and are now in it, though we neither know them nor are capable of knowing how great they are.

Further, God deals with *fractions* of a moment, because He wishes us to know how big a thing a whole moment of time is. If the Almighty and Everlasting God reckons up ·045 of a moment, how dare we, whose breath is in our nostrils, idle away hours and fling away years?

At a dinner party in London some years ago, says a Diarist, some one happened to mention that the difference in value between an English and an Australian sovereign was one ha'penny. "A ha'penny!" exclaimed one of the guests, "why, that's not much." But Lord Rothschild, the great Jewish banker, quietly remarked to a friend beside him, "That young man does not seem to know much about large transactions." So the people who make light of moments are the people who forget that there are such things as centuries and such a thing as Eternity.

When the 29th of this month comes, I hope you will look upon its twice twelve hours as twice twelve baskets of fractions or fragments of time, that Astronomers who are God's servants have gathered up for you at His bidding, baskets full of high and worthy thoughts, baskets of happy, solemn reminiscences and still happier hopes and anticipations.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 5.)

What is thy name

Laura.

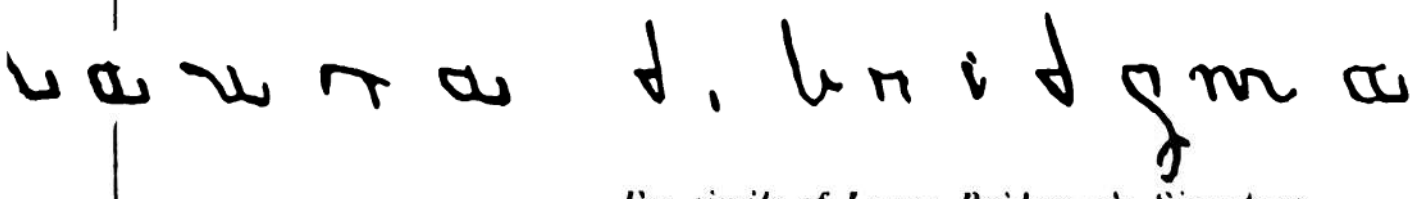
Laura Bassi, born 1711, married 1738, died 1778, was one of the famous women scholars who were professors at Bologna, at that time the first University in Italy. She lectured on philosophy. She was a good classical scholar, and well versed in experimental science.

The love of Petrarch, the Italian poet (1304-1374), and Laura de Sade is one of the best-known friendships in literary history. She is the

What is thy name? Laura.

subject of many of his lyrics. He first saw her at six o'clock on a Sabbath morning, April 6th, 1327. "She was dressed in green," he says, "and her gown was embroidered with violets. Her face, her air, her gait, were more than mortal. Her eyes were tender and sparkling, and her eyebrows black as ebony, while golden locks waved over her shoulders. When she opened her mouth you perceived the beauty of pearls, and the sweetness of roses." The date of this first meeting and the date of her death, in the same city of Avignon, on the same day, at the same hour, twenty-one years afterwards, are recorded in his own hand on the fly-leaf of his Virgil, now in the Ambrosian Library at Milan.

LAURA BRIDGMAN, born in New Hampshire, U.S.A., 1829, lost her sight, hearing, and sense of smell, through fever when she was two years old. When she was eight she came under the care of Dr. Howe of Boston and through his skill and loving patience learned not only to read and write and think and play, but became herself in time a skilful teacher of the blind and deaf and dumb. She died in 1889. It was the recollection of the story of her training as told very beautifully by Dickens in his *American Notes* that made Captain and Mrs. Keller of North Alabama, U.S.A., think there might be some hope for their little daughter Helen, who, in 1881 at the age of 19 months, lost her sight and hearing through congestion of the stomach and brain. Dr. Howe had died in 1876, but one of his pupils, Miss Anne Margaret Sullivan, born in 1866, who had herself been blind for some time in her girlhood, and had lived in the same house with Laura Bridgman for six years, took little Helen in charge with results that seem miraculous. Helen, like many crippled and suffering children, had been spoilt by her parents, and Miss Sullivan's first and hardest task was to get her to do as she was bid. "I am certain," she says, "that *obedience* is the gateway through which knowledge, yes, and love too, enter the mind of a child. I could do nothing with Helen as long as she lived in the midst of her family, who had always allowed her to do exactly as she pleased. Every thwarted desire was the signal for a passionate outburst. Her father could not bear to see her cry. She tyrannized over everybody, and they were all willing to give in to her for the sake of peace. I saw clearly it was useless to try to teach her language or anything else until she learned to obey me." How she learned is most graphically told in Miss Keller's lately published *Autobiography*. Miss Keller is now only in her twenty-fourth year, yet she can read and write and speak and with her fingers on their fingers or on their lips understand others as they speak English, French, and German!



Fac simile of Laura Bridgman's Signature.

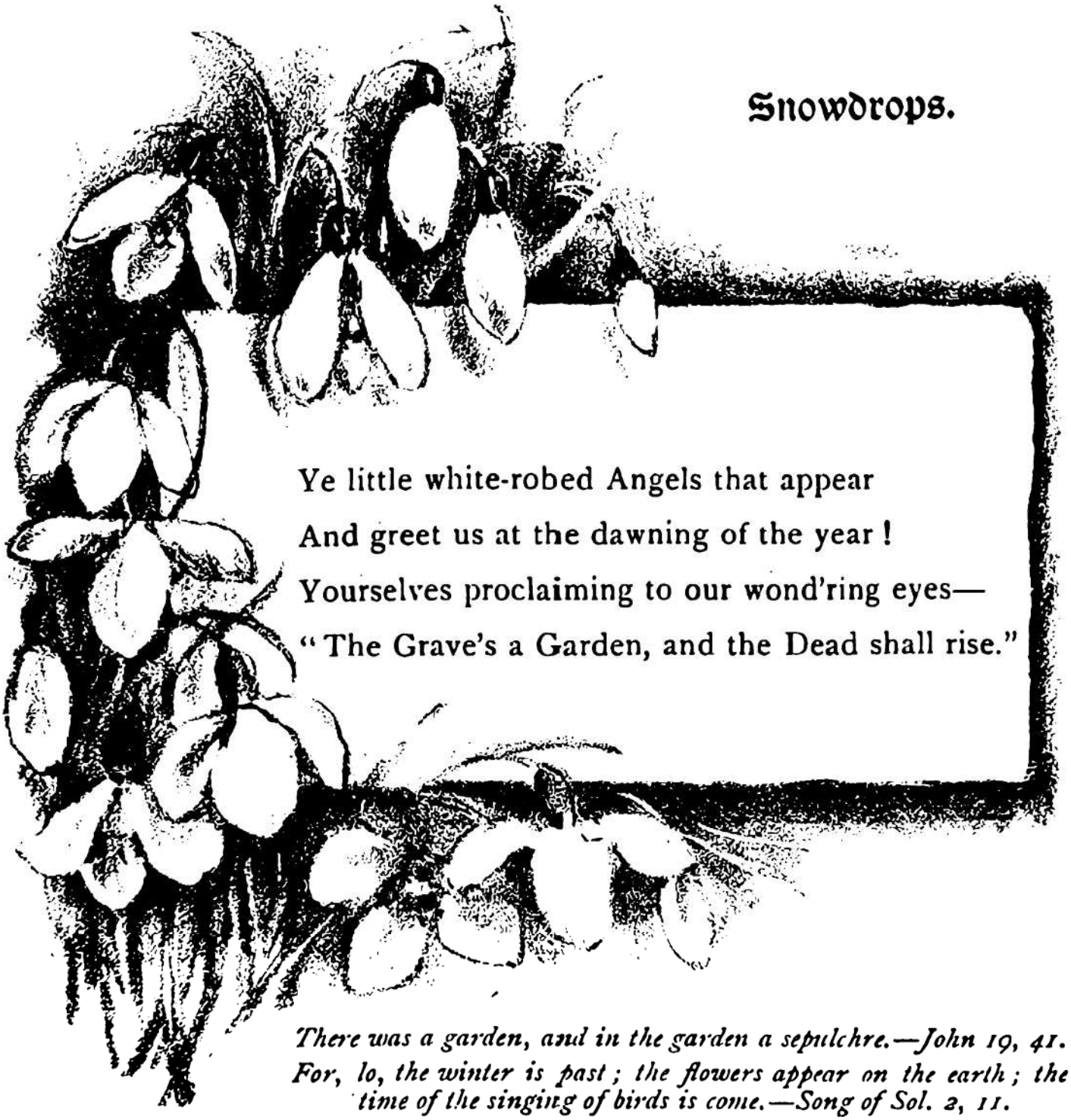
Laetitia.

LETITIA or LETTICE means *joy*, and that is what every girl and boy should bring their parents. Mr. J. R. Green the historian once

What is thy name? Letitia.

wrote to a young lady with reference to her birth-day—"A great deal of kindness and love was born on that day." And you all know what Gabriel said to Zacharias when he told him he was to have a son: "Thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth."

William Penn (1644-1718), the founder of Pennsylvania, the name of whose beautiful and godly wife, Gulielma Springett, appeared in our list in 1902, had a daughter LETITIA, to whom he wrote this letter, 19th June, 1682: "Dear Letitia, I dearly love thee, and would have thee sober, learn thy book, and love thy brothers. I will send thee a pretty book to learn in. The Lord bless thee, and make a good woman of thee. Farewell. Thy dear father, Wm. Penn."



Snowdrops.

Ye little white-robed Angels that appear
And greet us at the dawning of the year!
Yourselves proclaiming to our wond'ring eyes—
"The Grave's a Garden, and the Dead shall rise."

There was a garden, and in the garden a sepulchre.—John 19, 41.
For, lo, the winter is past; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.—Song of Sol. 2, 11.

Children that have Something still to Learn.

The Boy that left that door open!

THAT old gentleman's grandchildren can't understand why he gets so cross every time—and that is very often—they leave the door of his room open. But sixty years after this, if they are spared, when they have rheumatism and neuralgia and sciatica, they will understand, and they will be sorry!

The Golden Plover.

Charadrius Pluvialis.

THERE was great rejoicing on the 27th of February among all the wild birds and beasts, fur and feather, on the little moor-land estate of Bruaichdhu. It was the last year, and all but the last day, of the shooting-tenant's lease. Game-birds and wild birds, rabbits and hares, had all found out, before his first season was two days old, that neither the tenant nor his friends were gentlemen. "And it is so much nicer," said an old hare a few weeks later, "to know that it is a gentleman who is shooting at one. But this man—he blazes at us when we are 150 yards off; I'm so full of pellets you can feel them under my skin, and there isn't a bit of my body I can touch with comfort."

"As for us birds," said a partridge, "most of us want an eye or a toe or the half of a tail, and we go round and round in circles when we fly."

"But feel me," said a pheasant, "I'm so full of lead I can't fly at all!"

"Ah well!" said a plover, "to-morrow's his last day, and then we are all safe for a good few months, and let us hope the new tenant is a different kind of man." Then the plover began to caper and whistle "*tl-ee tl-ee tl-ee.*"

The lessee about whom they were thus speaking was described in the Valuation Roll as "Wine Merchant." (He is now a degree higher, and calls himself "Distiller"). But in some of the lowest streets in Glasgow, where he had eight or nine whiskey shops, he was known as the sporting publican.

He lived in the outskirts of the city, with his wife and two sons and two daughters. These girls got a great shock the night they found out what their father's trade really was. They were driving from one of the stations to a theatre, when in the glare of an electric lamp they saw a young girl of eighteen or so with a baby in her arms fall with a thud on the pavement, and over the shop door they saw their own father's full name and the words, "Wine and Spirit Merchant."

"Oh mother!" they said, when they got home—"this has been an awful night. We saw a girl with a baby in her arms come out of a whiskey shop with father's name over the door, and she fell all her length on the pavement, and she was all bleeding and so sick—"

"That's not language for a lady to use," said their mother—her father had been a wine merchant too—"and I'm ashamed of you. Nobody compels them to take more than is good for them, and if it weren't for the revenue that the excise brings in, our country would have neither soldiers nor sailors nor ships, and we wouldn't be able to defend ourselves in time of war."

"But what if our wars are a judgment on our nation for its drunkenness?" said the younger daughter.

"Don't be impertinent," said the mother; "there is no kinder or more generous man living than your father. Few of these hypocritical teetotalers, if any, give as handsome

subscriptions as he does to churches and all kinds of charities, and he has been a kind father to you. Look at the money he has spent on your education, and you have been twice on the Continent, and it ill becomes you to say one word against him." And so saying she ordered them off to their rooms, where they spent most of the night crying.

"Tl-ee tl-ee tl ee," whistled the plover, "just one other day!"

"Yes," said a hare, "but much may happen in a day. The man's two sons arrived at the lodge this afternoon. I saw them drive along the avenue, and they had other two young men with them, and guns, and they were very noisy." Yes, they were noisy, and they were noisier before morning, for money goes the way it comes.

Next evening the birds all met again. "Well," said a curlew, "there wasn't so much shooting to-day as I expected. They started late."

"There was quite enough," said a teal, "I'm sore all over; these pellets nip pretty badly."

"But it's one comfort," said a snipe, "February is past now, and we are safe."

Then the young plover began to whistle. But there was an old plover, known as granny—she was "dreffful" old, almost as old as the hills, they all thought—and she said, "Don't whistle yet, my dear, I have a feeling that February is not past. I don't know how it is, but somehow I have that impression strongly. We plovers are called *pluviales*, from *pluvius*, the Latin word for rainy, some say, because we can foretell the weather, and I have wondered if our other name *charadrii* has anything to do with being good at guessing hidden things. This I know, there's something odd about to-morrow. There were twenty-nine days in February the year I was born, but that's a long long time ago, and we expected the same thing to happen four years after, but it didn't. I don't know why. They say it was an Act of Parliament, and the people in Parliament are fit for anything. But I think we should be cautious to-morrow and not expose ourselves. The moment the young men come out I think every one of us should fly over the march-line on to the neighbouring estate."

Surely enough the young men with their guns and their dogs and their sandwiches and their flasks came out early next forenoon, determined to have a shot at every mortal thing they saw, and as surely the birds all cleared out of the way. The shooters went home at night raging with empty bags!

Three months or so afterwards, the young plover that had wished to whistle went to see the old one that had given the warning. "I would count it a great honour," she said, "if you would come and see our four lovely eggs, and tell me if they are rightly coloured and properly arranged in the nest. For if you hadn't warned us about that extra day, my husband and I would likely have been shot, and I wish to be able to tell my little ones, when they grow up, that when they were in their cradles their great-great-great-great-

grandmother came to see them and to wish them well."

"I have wished them well many times already," she answered, "but I'll come and see them and do it again with all my heart, my dear, and though I can't expect to live much longer now, for I'm very old —I must be nearly eight!—perhaps I'll be spared to hear them whistle. Our family have always been good at that, and few birds have had more mercies to whistle for!"

A Good Introduction.

FORTY-THREE years ago this month, when Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B, who died two weeks ago, aged ninety-five, was in command of the Cape Squadron, he tells us in his book, *A Sailor's Life*, he was lying at anchor at Sierra Leone. One day a man-of-war came in sight with her flag flying half-mast high. It proved to be the *Falcon*, whose captain, Arthur Fitzroy, had died of fever a few days before. It was necessary, of course, to put some one in his place. Admiral Keppel chose his own flag-lieutenant, Algernon C. F. Heneage, and wrote out his commission as captain.

The *Falcon* was lying in the river, where nothing was to be seen moving above the surface but the black fins of sharks! The young captain, whose duty it now was to go on board to take command of her, was well got up, as was his wont, even to kid gloves. Leaving the flagship, he took his seat in the stern of a four-oared gig, and presently drew near the *Falcon*. But just as the boat was getting alongside, one of the men, standing up in the bow, missed his footing and disappeared head foremost in the river. In a moment Heneage unbuckled his sword, dived after the man, and saved him. Then, climbing the gangway, he proceeded, as the custom was, to the capstan, and then taking his commission out of his pocket, read it to the assembled officers and crew, standing just as he was in his dripping muddy clothes. "It was a good beginning!" says Admiral Keppel.

It is a fine thing to make a favourable impression on people the first time we meet them, and a still finer thing to strengthen that impression

at every after meeting. But as we meet most people in life only once, and that for but a few moments or minutes at the most, we will strive, if we are wise, always to be looking and speaking and doing our best.

Sometimes first impressions are all wrong. I once asked a good old woman who was speaking to me about her husband, a good and singularly clever man, if she remembered the first time she ever saw him. "Fine that," she said, and then she added smiling, "and to tell the truth I thought very little of him! I was standing at the window one day when I saw a man run across the street in his shirt sleeves with one side of his face shaved, and the other soaped."

When she said that, I was sorry I had asked the question, not knowing what might come next. But she went on. "It was the day of the Cartsdyke flood, in 1835, when a dam burst and the water came rushing down the brae and through the streets. My husband had been shaving when he saw the water rushing past and a child in it, and it was to save the child that he ran out just as he was. But, you see, I didn't know that when I caught my first sight of him!"

Do you remember the first sight we get of our Lord in the Bible? "And the angel said, Fear not: for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." That is our first sight of Him as Man. And do you remember our first sight of Him as God? You will find it in the Eighth of Proverbs: "Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth: while as yet He had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the beginning of the dust of the world. When He established the heavens, I was there. When He gave to the sea its bound, when He marked out the foundations of the earth: then I was by Him, as a master workman: and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him; rejoicing in His habitable earth; and My delight was with the sons of men." That is to say, our Saviour loved God from all eternity, and loved Him specially for loving us and asking Him, His well-beloved Son, to die for us.

I hope all of you will soon be able to tell, like the Apostle John, when you first saw Christ, and loved Him, and beheld His glory for yourselves.

"Nothing earns better interest than judicious questions."

"I want you to learn right at the outset not to play with the spoon before you take the medicine. Putting off an easy thing makes it hard, and putting off a hard one makes it impossible."

"When a man's pride makes him *touchy*, you may be sure it is because there are some mighty raw spots on it."—*G. H. Lorimer's Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son.*

Our Inconsistencies.

This lad is reading for the tenth time an article of his own in an Athletic Magazine on "The Unselfishness of Golf as compared with other Games." People's selfishness and inconsiderateness, especially women's, is his favourite topic. He has asked his old father for a Tuesday-to-Thursday's holiday, though it is the yearly balance time in the office and two of the clerks are down with influenza. He has just finished eating two bananas, and a pear which cost sevenpence. When he has read his article once more he is going to take out his pipe, though it is not a smoking compartment, and when he is striking the match he will say to the ladies opposite, "You don't object to my smoking? and I shall let the window the whole way down if you don't mind."

1	M	The heavens, even the heavens, are the Lord's.—*Ps. 115, 16.*
2	Tu	But the earth hath He given to the children of men.
3	W	Behold, I have set before thee an open door.—*Rev. 3, 8.*
4	Th	A great door and effectual.—*1 Cor. 16, 9.*—Captain Vancouver lost the territory of Oregon, twice the size of England, for Britain in 1792, by "not considering as worthy of attention," so he wrote in his Journal, an opening which proved to be the mouth of the river Columbia.
5	F	They could not enter in because of unbelief.—*Heb. 3, 19.*
6	S	Reuben's birthright was given unto the sons of Joseph.—*1 Chron. 5, 1.*
7	S	Thy servant hath found in his heart to pray this prayer.—*2 Sam. 7, 27.*
8	M	Out of the belly of hell cried I.—*Jonah 2, 2.*
9	Tu	Groanings which cannot be uttered.—*Rom. 8, 26.*
10	W	My tongue cleaveth to my jaws.—*Ps. 22, 15.* "Oh, Mr. Rawnsley!," said the clerk, "don't pray so fast. For you moöst gie me toime, you moöst indeed. You moöst gie me toime, for I've a graceless wife and two godless sons to pray for."—*Story in Tennyson's Life.*
11	Th	He answered her not a word.—*Matt. 15, 23.*
12	F	Then came she and worshipped Him.
13	S	Then Jesus said, Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.
14	S	By pride cometh only contention. *Prov. 13, 10 (R. V.)* "Vanity is a centipede with corns on every foot."—*Lord Rosebery's Rectorial Address, Edinburgh, 1882.*
15	M	The children of Joseph said unto Joshua, Why hast thou given me but one lot, seeing I am a great people?
16	Tu	If thou be a great people, then get thee up to the wood country.
17	W	And they said, The hill is not enough for us.—*Joshua 17, 14.*
18	Th	The men of Ephraim said unto Gideon, Why calledst thou us not when thou wentest to fight.—*Judges 8, 1, and 12, 1.*
19	F	And he said, What have I done now in comparison of you?
20	S	And now we call the proud happy!—*Mal. 3, 15.*
21	S	Happy is the man that feareth alway.—*Prov. 28, 14.*—"After the battle of Talavera in 1809, an engraver inscribed under Sir Arthur Wellesley's portrait the Latin word *Invicto*, To the Unbeaten. Sir Arthur took a pencil and wrote below it—'Don't cry till you are out of the wood.'"—*Lord Ellesmere's Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington.*
22	M	Be not high-minded, but fear.—*Rom. 11, 20.*
23	Tu	Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—*1 Cor. 10. 12.*
24	W	Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself.—*1 Kings 20. 11.*
25	Th	I said, I shall never be moved. Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled. *Ps. 30, 6.*
26	F	She saith, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow.
27	S	Therefore shall her plagues come in one day.—*Rev. 18, 8.*
28	S	My cup runneth over.—*Ps. 23, 5.*
29	M	Let him count the years . . . and restore the overplus.—*Lev. 25, 27.*

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March, 1904. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XVII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 3.

"Oh Mother! do let me out to hang on behind: that boy is having such a splendid time!"

"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1903, Vol. XVI., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV. and XV., 1901, 1902, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Scatter Thou the people that delight in war.—Ps. 68, 30.

WE must not think that that verse refers only to Emperors and Kings and Statesmen who declare war, or to soldiers who love it as a profession, or to writers in newspapers who stir up ill-will and kindle strife and fan it into flame, or to people who encourage any one or all of those. It may refer to you and me. If we buy a ha'penny newspaper and find nothing new in it about the war, we are not pleased, it is a ha'penny thrown away. But if we read about a ship, two ships, three ships, torpedoed and sunk, and a thousand men drowned, we weary for the details, fuller details, graphic details. We wish the telegrams had been longer and more definite, but at any rate we have got something for our money! And may God forgive us, for we need to be forgiven.

We like to look at a picture of the Scots Greys charging, or the Enniskillen Dragoons. But these pictures do not show us in the very least what like a battle is. A few years ago Vorestchagin, a great Russian painter, painted a battlefield as it actually is, and so awful was it that the Tsar would not allow soldiers to go to see it. "They would never fight if they did," he said.

Try to think what it means to be lying all night on the frozen ground with a shattered limb, crying in vain for some one to lift one's head or wet one's lips. Think what it must be to be a stoker in a sinking battleship. Think what a wife or a mother or a betrothed maiden feels when

Home they bring her warrior dead.

And when you think of these things, pray, pray, pray without ceasing that God may speedily send peace. For Christ's sake, Amen.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

"Since I understood the meaning of my own Name, it hath been of some use to me: I pray that it may be so also to thee."—Walter Pringle of Greenknow, a Covenanter, writing to his child, 16th March, 1663.

(Continued from page 17.)

What is thy name

Lettice

OF LETTICE MORISON, Lady Falkland, it was said "that she left not her nurse's arms without some knowledge of the principles of the Christian religion." Like Timothy she knew the scriptures "from a babe." We learn more when we are babies than we do all the rest of our lives, for it is then that the foundations of character are laid. When she grew up, we are told "she spent some hours every day in

What is thy name? Lettice.

her private cloisters and meditations, and these were called her busy hours. . . . Then her maids came into her chamber every morning, and ordinarily she passed an hour with them in praying, catechising, and instructing them. On the Lord's Day she rose earlier than ordinarily, yet enjoined herself so much private duty with her children and her servants, examining them in the sermons and catechisings, and with her own soul, that oftentimes the day was too short for her." It was in memory of her dead brother, Sir Henry Morison, that Ben Jonson wrote the poem in which these famous lines occur

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant, the flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Her husband, Lucius, Lord Falkland, "missed being a great man by a very little." When he died in 1643, at the age of 33, shot through the heart at the battle of Newbury, it was said that "whosoever leads such a life as he led need not care upon how short a warning it may be taken from him." And Lord Clarendon affirmed that if there were no other brand upon the odious and accursed Civil War, the loss of that one man must have made it infamous to all posterity. Lord Falkland was a great gatherer of books, and used to say he pitied unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day.

LADY LETTICE DIGBY, 1588-1658, heiress to the Earls of Kildare and wife of Sir R. Digby, was besieged in Geashill Castle by the Irish Rebels in 1642. Four times they sent messengers to remind her that her garrison was made up only of women and boys. But she held out bravely till help came. There is a portrait of her extant, with an open book at her side on which the words are written: "Job 19, 20: I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

LETITIA KNOX, the daughter of a minister in Donegal who was of the same family as our great John Knox, was the mother of the Indian heroes Lord Lawrence and Sir Henry Lawrence, and of other ten children as well. She prided herself on her descent, says Sir Herbert Edwardes, "and simple, thrifty, God-fearing as she was, her relation to the reformer was not that of blood alone." When her son John was going out to India, one of the two advices she gave him was—"Don't marry a woman who had not a good mother." Partly from thrift, partly from modesty, she refused to have her portrait painted in her old age, but was quite willing that her daughter, also named LETITIA, should have her's done. The daughter sat down by her mother's side, and the painter worked away. The trick was not discovered till the portrait was almost finished, and revealed to the surprise of the mother the features, not

What is thy name? Lettice.

of her daughter, but herself. This same daughter was the guide and adviser of the whole family as long as she lived. To her they came for counsel, it was said, as men went to Ahithophel, as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God. She married a Mr. Hayes, a minister in England. When she died in 1865, her brother, then Viceroy, said—"If I had known I should never see her again, I would not have come back to India."

"Consider the Lilies."

Asagao ni
Tsurube torarete
Morai-mizu.

THESE five words are a poem quoted by Mr. Aston in his book on *Japanese Literature.* A poem in five words, and in many ways so like the people of Japan! They were written by a poetess named Chiyo. The literal translation of them is—"Having had the bucket of my well taken away by the convolvulus flowers, Gift-water." And the meaning of it is this. The poetess, having gone to the well one morning to draw water, found that a convolvulus had twined its tendrils round the rope. Not having the heart to destroy or even disturb the lovely blossoms, she gave up her well to the plant, and went and begged water from a neighbour.

Children that have Something still to Learn.

The Girl that loves to frighten her little sister.

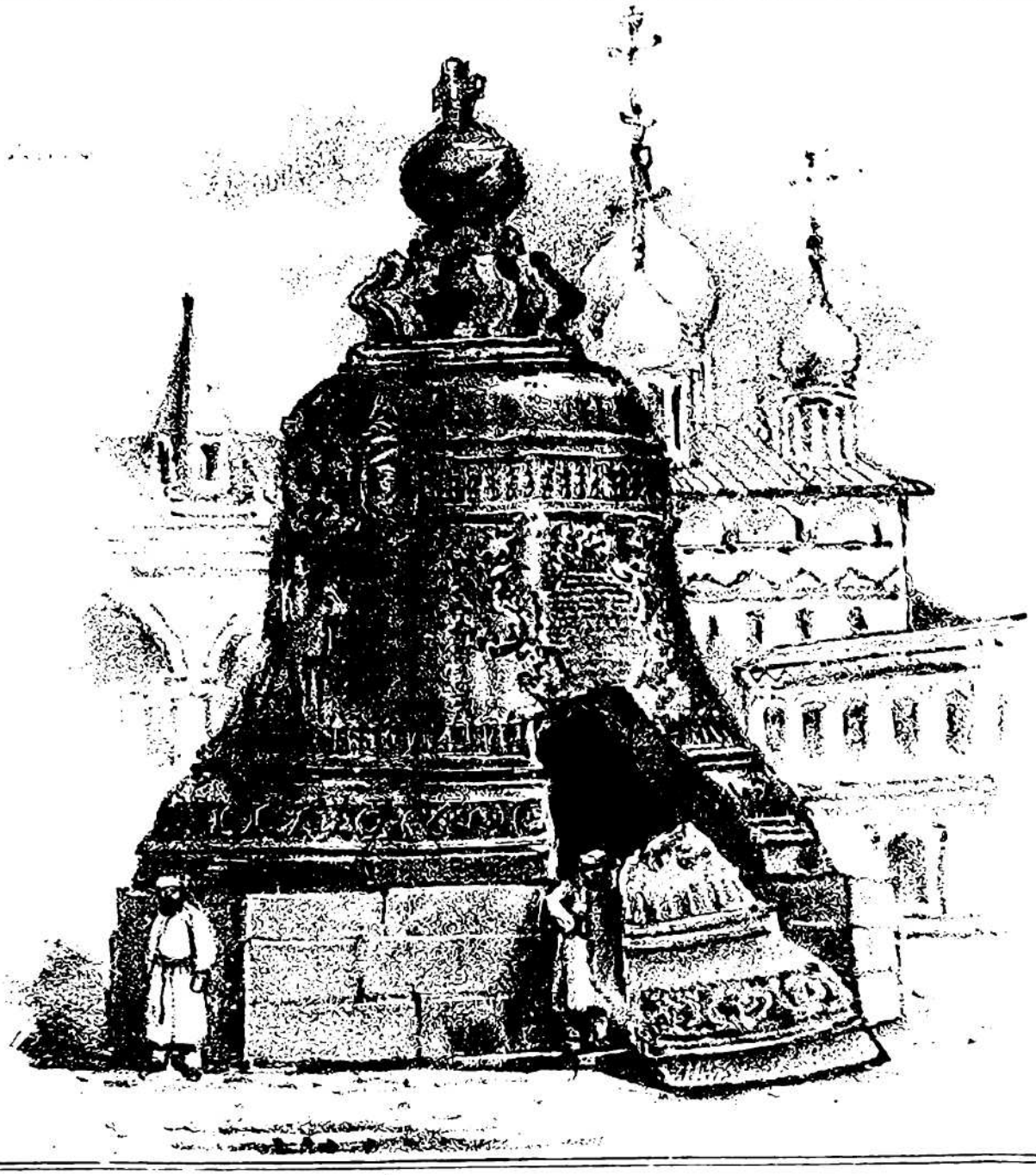
LEIGH HUNT the Essayist tells us, in his *Autobiography*, that when he was a child his brother used to frighten him by roaring in the dark and crying out "The Mantichora's coming," the Mantichora being a monster with grinning rows of teeth whose portrait he had seen in a book. "Many a bitter night it cost me," he says, adding that the fear into which it threw him left its mark on him for life.

I myself know a man, a Colonel no less, and as dashing a rider as ever cleared a stone wall or made a horse caracole to the amazement of all beholders, who looks under his bed every night for any lurking Guy Fawkes, and all because, when he was a child, his nurse once crept under his little cot and then rising up suddenly shot him out on to the floor.

Little May's sister in the picture doesn't know the harm she is doing, not only to May's mind and nerves, but to her own character as well. The eldest sister in a family has immense power for good or evil. Her younger sisters are almost certain to follow in her train. Poor May after a time will cease to believe a single word her sister says, unless she has something more than her word for it.

Think too of the wrong she does that honest sweep, when she says to May, "Here's the bogey man coming to put you in his bag!" Charles Lamb liked to meet young sweeps—not old ones—"blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the

cheek." But he would have liked this one had he known him. For he is a good workman, not breaking slates on the roof to make work for another man another day, as some do, nor putting his foot or his hand on clean paint, but doing every chimney honestly and thoroughly, and wiping up the grate and the hearth so nicely when he is done. And besides all that, he is a good man, a good husband, and a good father to his own five little girls, a veritable "image of God in ebony."



Tsar Kolokol.

THE Tsar Kolokol, or King of Bells, at Moscow, is the largest in the world. It is 25 feet high, 67 feet round the rim, and it weighs 198 tons. It was cast in 1733 out of the metal of another bell that had been made a hundred and thirty years before. The ladies of Moscow, we are told, threw their jewels into the liquid metal with a pious intent, but to the great weakening of its strength. The bell remains where it was cast. It was never hung. A fire in the fortress-palace of the Kremlin caught the temporary shed from which it had not yet been moved, and the water thrown on the burning building so cracked the heated metal that a piece 7 feet high and weighing 11 tons fell out. In 1837 the bell was raised on a granite pedestal, and now makes a kind of chapel, the broken side being the doorway.

Lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping.
—Mark 13. 36.

His office let another take.—Acts 1, 20 (R. V.)

"DID you ever find an officer sleeping on duty?" I asked a retired ship-captain the other day. "Yes, I'm sorry to say." "And what did you do to him?"

"I disrated him; sent him forward before the mast."

"That is, he was no longer an officer, but an ordinary sailor?"

"Yes, an ordinary A.B., or able seaman."

"You might tell me about it," I said

"It will be more than thirty years ago. I was master of a barque, Glasgow-owned, 758 tons, bound from Java to Rotterdam, with a general cargo, sugar, hides, indigo, etc., and a crew of sixteen all told. While crossing the Indian Ocean, and in the neighbourhood of the Island of Bourbon, about thirty-five days out, I came on deck one night about six bells, or eleven p.m., in the first watch, and found the first officer sound asleep. I awoke him and gave him a talking to on the gravity of his offence. I told him that, should it occur again, I would disrate him and turn him forward into the forecastle.

"The voyage went on all right with various incidents till we were near the Azores or Western Islands, rather to the northward. The Azores are a great turning-point for sailing ships. Those coming from the south begin there to haul in to the eastward, and those bound from America to the Mediterranean ports pass that way also, so that the ocean in that neighbourhood is always more or less frequented with vessels. The

distance from the English Channel is only about 1200 miles, and one is always anxious as one makes in for the land. I was naturally wakerife, a very light sleeper, but specially so at this time as we were well in the track of ships.

"I had been lying awake for half-an-hour, perhaps more, in the middle watch, that is, between two and three in the morning, when I began to suspect there was something wrong. It was a fine clear night. I could hear the chains squeaking in the iron blocks as the steersman moved the wheel, but no other sound could I hear. The officer, you see, is supposed to keep his watch on the quarter-deck, and if he had been pacing up and down I should have heard him overhead. I went on deck and found him asleep with his head on his crossed arms on the rail, that is, on the top spar of the bulwarks. I walked about for ten or fifteen minutes to give him a chance."

"Your slippers, of course, would make no noise?"

"Oh! I was barefoot, just as I jumped out of my berth; I didn't take time to put on slippers. At last, as there was no sign of his waking, I put my hand on his shoulder, and said, 'Are you at your old tricks again?'"

"And what did he say?"

"He turned round and called me a liar. 'Go to your bunk,' I said, 'and I'll talk to you in the morning.'"

"I remained on deck myself till the watch was relieved at four a.m. At eight a.m. I sent the steward to tell him to come to breakfast, and we breakfasted together as was the custom. I talked to him about the heinousness of his offence, reminding him that the life of every man on board was in his charge, and asked him if he was not ashamed of himself."

"And what did he say?"

"He sat gloomy and dour, and never let on he heard me."

"And what did you do then?"

"'Take your things to the forecastle,' I said, 'you are no longer an officer of this ship.' So he took his chest, etc., and went forward amongst the men. But about nine o'clock he came aft, and said there was no bunk for him."

"And did you let him keep his room?"

"No. We had two apprentices on board who lived in the forecastle. They were in different watches, and shared one bunk turn about. I put them into the second mate's berth, and gave the second mate the first mate's room, which was a little bigger. There was a little alley way that led into the cabin, with rooms for the second officer and carpenter on the one side, and one for the chief officer on the other.

"That was all the dealings I had with him on board the ship, except this, of course, that I made the requisite entries in the official log, and read them over to him at eight bells, that is, at noon, in the presence of four witnesses, asking him if he had any objections to make to what I had written down, and he said, 'No.'"

"What did he do after that? Had he to work?"

"Of course; he had to work like the rest of the crew, and be paid at the same rate from that day forward as any other able seaman. I think it was £3 5s. or £3 10s. an A.B. got then. But as first officer he had had £6 10s. a month."

"How would the men treat him?"

"They were as decent a crowd as I ever had, but of course they would make game of him and roast him occasionally, but he was quite able to take care of himself."

"If he had said he was sorry for what he had done and had begged your pardon when you spoke to him in the morning, would you not have forgiven him?"

"I might. But he was such a sleepy-headed fellow that one could not trust him. You see I knew him of old. When I was second mate of a Port-Glasgow ship, the *Akbar*, he served under me as a sailor before the mast, and I had frequently caught him asleep when he was look-out man."

"That's what Luke says. 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.' And what did you do for a chief officer?"

"I gave the second mate his place; and a day or two after made one of the crew who had a second mate's certificate second officer."

"Did anything else happen?"

"No; we arrived off Dungeness 125 days out from Samarang, and then made for Rotterdam. He was paid off there, and went straight to the British Consul's to lodge a complaint, and I was told afterwards got a sharp reprimand for his pains. But I heard no more about it myself."

"Did you ever hear what became of him?"

"Yes; I believe he got command of a ship some years afterwards, and lost her in broad daylight on the Bahama Islands. I was told he was sitting on a hencoop fast asleep when the vessel struck a reef, but whether she was a total loss or not I can't say."

And when He returned, He found them asleep again, neither wist they what to answer Him. And He cometh the third time, and saith unto them, Sleep on now.

THIS is a photograph of the 2d blue Mauritius stamp—only you must colour it for yourselves—that was sold by auction in London a few weeks ago for £1450! It is the rarest of all stamps, there being only ten known specimens of it. Next to it in value comes the 1d orange Mauritius stamp, of which

there are fourteen in existence. Both stamps were engraved and printed for Government by a Mr. Barnard, a watchmaker and jeweller, in Port Louis, in 1847, but were quickly withdrawn from circulation, the words "Post Office" having been cut on the plate by mistake for "Post Paid."

The man to whom this treasure belonged is a well-known scholar, and, I am happy to say, an old college friend of my own. I wish I were at liberty to tell you the whole story of the finding of it, and of the use to which he has already put part of the money, as he has told it to me in two charming, wise, and merry letters. You would agree with me in saying that he was worthy of this or of any similar good fortune that might befal him.

It was a Scotchman, of all men! who bought it, and he has presented it to the Prince of Wales.

Now, when one hears that some treasure has been found, one naturally wishes that more would turn up. But the great value of this stamp lies wholly in this, that at the most there can only be two or three like it that have not yet been discovered. Suppose—which is impossible—that a hundred of them were found in an old drawer to-morrow, I imagine that even the Prince of Wales' specimen would not be worth £50. Most of the happiness he now feels every time he looks at it or thinks of it—and they say there is a great deal of happiness in the study of stamps—would disappear the moment a hundred other men shared it.

With the pleasures and treasures that are at God's right hand it is far otherwise. If you do not seek to share them with others, they grow less and less until they cease to be. Bestow them on others, they multiply and become

In diffusion ever more intense.

The man who has found the pearl of great price can say to every one he meets, Come thou with us, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel. And it shall be, if thou go with us, that what goodness the Lord shall do unto us, the same will we do unto thee.

Reasons for not going to Church. 6th Series—No. 2.

1st Young Man: "*This paper says that these Test Cricket Matches do so much to bind England and Australia together that Teams should be sent from each one to the other every year, all expenses to be paid, if necessary, out of the National Exchequer.*"

2nd Young Man: "*Quite right; I have said that all along. They are good for the Empire, and good for the Players. It lets them see different styles of play, both in batting and bowling, and in fielding too. It keeps them from getting into ruts. And it's good for the spectators. One tires of always seeing the same faces. Changes are good for everybody.*"

Yet this same lad said, two days ago, that he was not going to Church

any more, because he had gone twice this year and each time a stranger was preaching, and it's rough on a fellow who likes to hear his own minister to be disappointed that way. He thinks ministers should stick to their own pulpits. Besides, look at the money they must be out of pocket travelling about, and so much poverty and distress in the country!

1	Tu	Whence come wars?—*James 4, 1.*
2	W	Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?
3	Th	The host shouted for the battle.—*1 Sam. 17, 20*
4	F	Shall the sword devour for ever?—*2 Sam. 2, 26.*
5	S	Knowest thou not that it will be bitterness in the latter end?—On the grave of Nitta, a Japanese hero who died with 50 followers fighting 3000, fresh flowers have been laid daily for 560 years.
6	S	I will grant them some deliverance,
7	M	Nevertheless they shall be the servants of Shishak.—*2 Chron. 12, 7.*
8	Tu	Thou art my King, O God: command deliverances.—*Ps. 44, 4.*
9	W	Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times.—*2 Kings 13, 19.*
10	Th	Although all shall be offended, yet will not I.—*Mark 14, 27-38.*
11	F	Watch ye, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.
12	S	The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak. "After a victory, tighten the strings of your helmet."—*Japanese Proverb.*
13	S	A virtuous woman worketh willingly with her hands.—*Prov. 21, 13.*
14	M	The nobles put not their necks to the work of their Lord.—*Neh. 5, 5.*
15	Tu	The well which the princes digged, which the nobles delved.—*Num. 21, 18. R.V.*
16	W	Paul gathered a bundle of sticks.—*Acts 28, 3.*—The Emperor Paul of Russia (1754 1801) seeing a nobleman looking at some workmen who were planting trees in the street called the Perspective in St. Petersburg said, "What are you doing?" "Merely seeing the men work," was the answer. "Oh! is that all you have to do? Take off his pelisse, and give him a spade! There now, work yourself!"
17	Th	By slothfulness the roof sinketh in;
18	F	And through idleness of the hands the house leaketh.—*Eccl. 10, 18. R.V.*
19	S	The slothful shall be put under taskwork.—*Prov. 12, 24. R.V.*
20	S	The King eternal.—*1 Tim. 1, 17.*
21	M	He that is higher than the highest.—*Eccles. 5, 8.*
22	Tu	None can stay His hand.—*Dan. 4, 35.* In the Imperial Library, St. Petersburg, is a copy book of Louis XIV. of France with this sentence written time after time, "Homage is due to kings; they do whatever they like."
23	W	He removeth kings, and setteth up kings.—*Dan. 2, 21.*
24	Th	God hath done whatsoever He hath pleased.—*Ps. 115, 3.*
25	F	Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever;
26	S	Thy throne from generation to generation.—*Lam. 5, 19.*
27	S	I Nebuchadnezzar was flourishing in my palace:
28	M	I saw a dream which made me afraid.—*Dan. 4, 5.*
29	Tu	On that night could not the king sleep.—*Esther 6, 1.* "You will find your throne a heavy burden," were the last words of the Tsar Nicholas to his son Alexander in 1855. Alexander was assassinated in 1881.
30	W	Kings of armies flee, they flee.—*Ps. 68, 12.*
31	Th	Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings. Kiss the Son.—*Ps. 2, 10.*

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XVII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 4.

"If you please, Sir, would you let ME light one of the lamps?"

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV. XV., and XVI., 1901, 1902, 1903, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

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When Aaron lighteth the lamps at even.
—Ex. 30, 8.

DEAN STANLEY'S favourite candle-extinguisher was one which he got as a gift from Baron Bunsen, the German scholar and statesman. It was a hollow metal figure in the shape of a Jesuit priest, and, said Bunsen, "every time I put him on a candle, I imagine I hear him saying, as the smoke rises, 'Hurrah! I have put out another light.'"

The little fellow on the previous page wishes to kindle lights and not to put them out. In doing so he is striving, though he does not know it, to be in some measure like God, one of Whose Names is, The Father of lights. I hope the laddie will have his will, too. Only he must be very smart about it, for lamplighters must not linger. And, as he grows up, I hope he will bring light and gladness wherever he goes, whether to kirk or market, playground or school. When he is a man, perhaps he may make some great discovery,

And lift the bar
That shuts the road to sun and star.

Or will he be a minister? or, ten times better still, a missionary to some heathen land? "playing the man," as Latimer and Ridley did in Oxford three hundred and fifty years ago, and "lighting such a candle, by God's grace, as shall never be put out."

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

"Since I understood the meaning of my own Name, it hath been of some use to me: I pray that it may be so also to thee."—Walter Pringle of Greenknow, a Covenanter, writing to his child, 16th March, 1663.

(Continued from page 28.)

What is thy name

Lettice.

Mr. J. M. Barrie tells us in *Margaret Ogilvy* that his mother sometimes said she would have liked to be Carlyle's wife, and then she would add, "but on the whole I would rather have been his mother than his wife." Is there any woman in the world, I wonder, that would have liked to be LETIZIA RAMOLINO, the mother of the great Napoleon? Well born, very beautiful, and the only child of her father, whose home and vineyards she inherited, she was but fifteen when in 1764 she married her husband, he being then eighteen. They had thirteen children, of whom her most famous son was the fourth. Eight of them became known in history, and for a time they filled more than half the thrones of Europe. From the first she seems to have felt that her son's prosperity could not last, and accordingly began early to lay by for a rainy day. When he

What is thy name? Letitia.

crowned himself Emperor at Paris in 1804 in presence of Pope Pius VII., who had come all the way from Rome on the understanding that he was to perform the ceremony, she, though not present, for she declined to come, received the title of Madame Mère, or Madam Mother. She survived her husband fifty-one years, and her son fifteen, dying in 1836 at the age of eighty-six. She does not seem to have been a lovable woman from any point of view. On looking up the Chronicle of Events in the *Annual Register* for 1836, I found but two short lines devoted to her: "Died at Rome on the 30th Feb., Madame Maria Letizia Bonaparte, mother of Napoleon." Yet how much these three last words mean!

And here is a curious little companion picture of another LETITIA, who was amazed at the trouble her own hands brought on herself. She was the daughter of Thomas Ellwood, Milton's friend. On her second visit to America, in 1699, at Chester in Delaware, seeing some men threshing corn, "she desired to try her hand at the use of the flail, which to her great surprise brought such a racket about her head and shoulders that she was obliged to run into the house in tears." The use of tools is not learnt without a knock or two, and is not so simple as it looks. There may be five, ten, twenty years' experience in an imperceptible turn of the wrist.

Lily.

It needs no great scholar to know the meaning of the name LILY. LILIAS is the old Scotch form of it, and LILIAN the English, as in Tennyson's "Airy fairy Lilian."

Three women of this name played honourable parts during the first and second Reformations in Scotland. 1. LILIAS, wife of Lord Drummond, and daughter of the Lord Ruthven whom John Knox described as "a stout and discreet man in the cause of God," who pleaded for the right of the laity to read the Scriptures in their own tongue. She is spoken of in old books as a right noble and virtuous lady of notable fame and godly behaviour. 2. LILIAS GRAHAM, COUNTESS OF WIGTOWN, daughter of the Earl of Montrose, the lady to whom John Welsh, Knox's son-in-low, wrote out of "the darkness of Blackness" Castle. "Her chambermaid told me," says John Livingstone, "that so soon as she rose, before she went to her study for her devotion, she used to sit in a chair till her head was combed, having the Bible open before her, and reading and praying among hands, and every day at that time," said the woman, "she shed more tears than ever I did all my life time." 3. LILIAS SIMSON, daughter of Patrick Simson, 1556-1618, minister of Stirling. He wrote a "History of the Church," in the preface to which he says, "If my farthing candle give light in the lowest cellar of the house of God, my heart is fully content." But God set his candle on a candlestick to give light unto all that are in the house, for his daughter Lilias became the mother of George Gillespie, one of Scotland's famous representatives at the Westminster Assembly of Divines. John Milton speaks of him in one of his sonnets as Galasp, and calls his name a "rugged" one. Yet surely there is some music in Lily Gillespie! At anyrate there is a dactyl and a spondee in it.

"Nothing to Do."

"A wearisome day I'll have, I daresay,
For Mother has gone to the Farm
To be with Aunt Anne, who tripped with a can,
And—so like her!—fractured her arm.
Oh I wish *I* had something to do!

"My sister May is away for the day
To sell at the Drill Hall Bazaar.
She always is sure some fun to secure,
No matter how dull others are.
Oh I wish *I* had something to do!

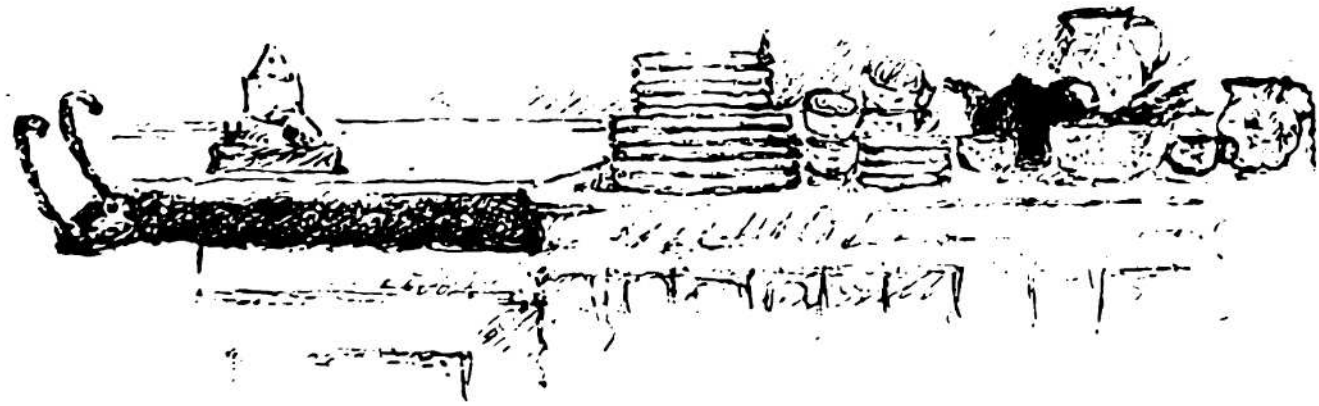
"My brothers are off, I think it's to golf,
Or the Sports at Rotherham Gate;
They'll stay with their friends till everything ends,
So I need not expect them till late.
Oh I wish *I* had something to do!

"I'm alone in the house, it's as quiet as a mouse,
And no one is likely to come.
Alas for poor me! there's nought I can see
To fill up the day here at home.
Oh I wish I had *something* to do!"

* * * * *

Oh foolish Fanny Fakenham!
I see what you can do;
Why, brush the boots, and wash the plates,
And darn those stockings too.

And when they all come home at night,
With, maybe, Cousin Jim,
Won't you be glad that you have made
All nice for them and him?



Should such a man as I flee?—Nehem. 6, 11.

Looking unto Jesus. Heb. 12, 2.

LORD WOLSELEY in his *Story of a Soldier's Life* tells how anxious he felt for a time during the battle of Amoaful in the Ashanti War in 1874. He had but a few hundreds of British troops with him. The enemy were many thousands in number, and belonged to a fierce brave race, one of whose most valued national trophies was the skull of a British General, Sir

Charles M'Carthy, whom they had defeated fifty years before. Yet, though the enemy were so many, the forests were so thick and dark that hardly a man of them was to be seen. The British were surrounded by a belt of fire, and from every side messages were sent in, "We have many wounded," "We are hard pressed," "We would like supports." Sir Garnet, as he then was, was at a spot previously fixed on where messengers from his officers knew where to find him. As he received reports and issued orders he kept pacing up and down, he says, "in a quarter-deck fashion," that is, the way men do at sea, trying all the time to look "jolly," and even whistling to inspire confidence in those who were about him. But it was not easy, he says, to smile and look happy and thoroughly satisfied, amidst the booming of guns and the roar of small arms, with the enemy pressing in on his flanks and at times pushing his men back.

He felt that all eyes were on him, and that made him strong. But he was also greatly helped by the bravery of others who were near him, and specially by the courage of some newspaper correspondents, of whom he names Winwood Reid and Henry Stanley, whose close-pressed mouths and determined faces he "can still see" before him though thirty years have passed since then. There was another there, however, who had shown himself before to be of a chicken-heart, and he, says Lord Wolseley, "gimleted me with his eyes. Whatever I did, wherever I turned, those unhappy eyes followed me wistfully, and with a look that seemed to say, "I wonder when he is going to run away?"

There are few commands, if any, that are given oftener in the Bible than this one—"Fear not." And if our Lord was grieved at the timidity and cowardice of disciples who knew Him only in the days of His weakness and humiliation, how much more might He rebuke us, who know that all things are now put under Him and that He is seated at the right hand of God on our behalf!

Seeking—and Finding Hid Treasure.

If thou seek understanding as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.—Prov. 2, 4.

LITTLE Willie is not only seeking, and finding, hid treasure, a treasure that will last him for life and that will grow bigger the more he uses it, but he leaves the very same treasure there for every searcher who comes after him! That is not the way with some other hidden treasures, which bring no blessing with them and, happily, can only be found once.

Do you know the book he is reading? It is *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*. Another of his favourites is *The Scots Worthies*, and *The Cloud of Witnesses*. There is a fourth book, too, in his father's library that he often dips into, one that I should dearly like to have written, a wonderful gathering of facts about the Covenanters, the *Treasury of the Covenant*, by the Rev. J. C. Johnston, late of Dunoon. And on his birthday in May, provided he is never once late for school, he is to get—though he does not know that yet—another book and a cricket bat and a solid indiarubber ball; he can easily make the wickets himself. The book is to be Mr. Smellie of Carluke's *Men of the Covenant*. And I don't know which of these will please Willie best, for cricket is not more surely the first of all games than Mr. Smellie's is the best of all books that have ever been written about some of the greatest heroes that any land has ever had.

The Grand Piano and the Violin.

Before honour is humility.—Prov. 15, 33.

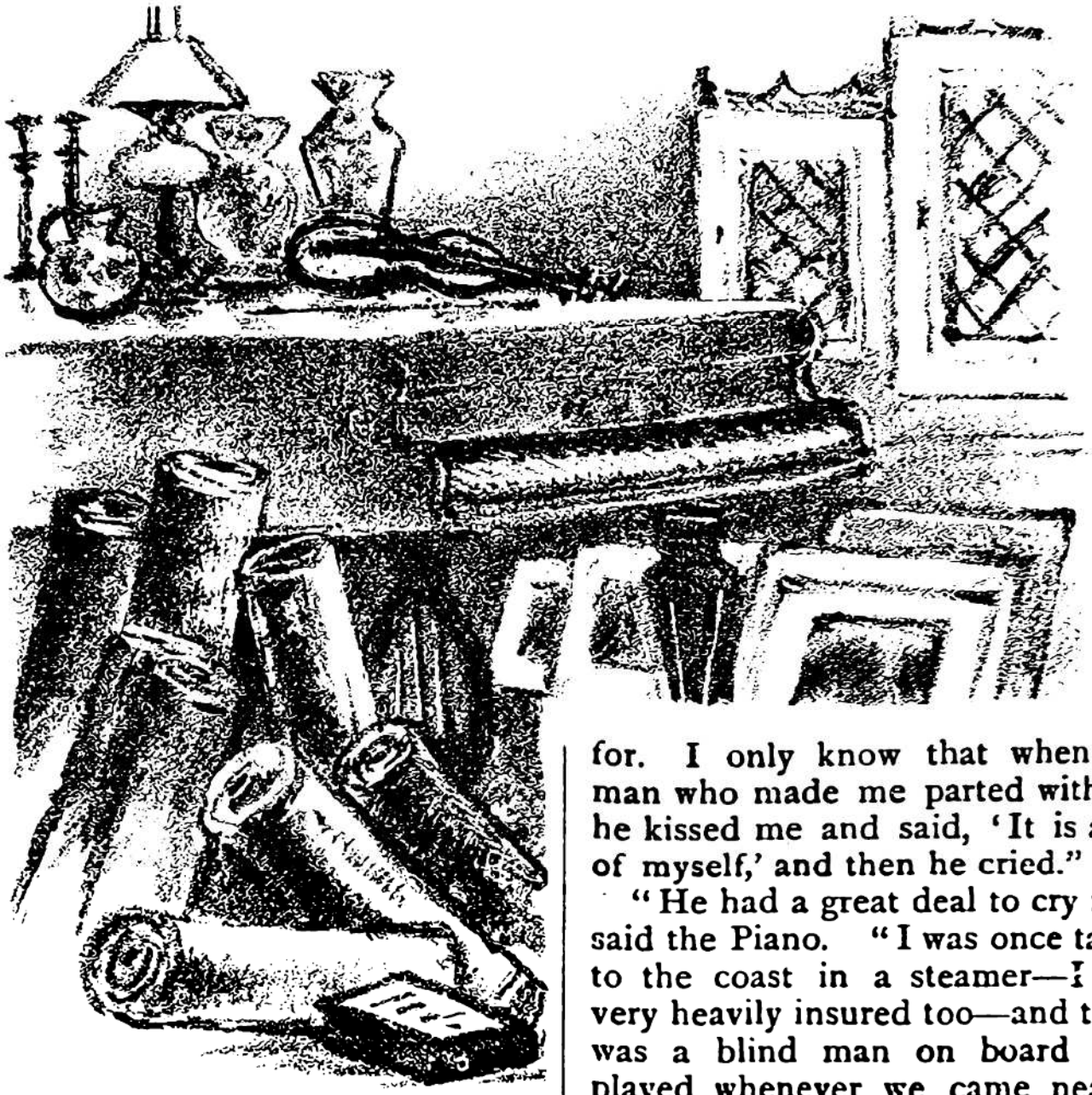
Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased.—Matt. 23, 12.

"I WAS never so crowded and crushed and hampered and smothered in my life," said the Piano. "When I was in my own house, sometimes a vase with flowers was put on the top of me, or an exquisite little etching, but these were always removed before any one played. It was bad enough yesterday when I had two things laid on me, but now I am covered and laden all over as if I were a common shop counter, and I am a concert grand Piano that cost 150 guineas! And such a rabble all about me!"

These were the thoughts that passed through the Piano's mind in the stillness of the auction room one cold, dark December night. Thoughts, whether good or bad, can never be concealed, and so it was that in a little while all the other things in the room knew what was in the Piano's mind.

"How many pounds did you say you cost?" asked a picture which had never got over the astonishment it had felt when it found itself marked "price £40" in an Art Exhibition Gallery. "I should be dear at £5," it had said, "even if every idea that the man who painted me ever had in his head had been put in me twice over."

"I didn't say *pounds*, said the Piano, "I said 150 *guineas*. Pounds are vulgar. Cheap and nasty things



like that fiddle cost pounds. But things like me cost guineas."

"I am afraid," said the Fiddle smiling, "that I didn't even cost pounds. Shillings, I fear, would be about my figure, or rather what would be the same as shillings, for you see I don't belong to this country, but to Italy. Only it is such a long long time ago, nearly two hundred years, that I really don't remember what I was sold for. I only know that when the man who made me parted with me he kissed me and said, 'It is a bit of myself,' and then he cried."

"He had a great deal to cry for," said the Piano. "I was once taken to the coast in a steamer—I was very heavily insured too—and there was a blind man on board who played whenever we came near a pier, and it so jarred on my nerves that I felt quite unstrung for a whole week."

After a little, forgetting—to use R. L. Stevenson's words—"how strangely one-sided the pleasure of condescension is," the Piano, disdaining to take further notice of the poor Violin, began to address the company at large. "We concert grand Pianos are wonderfully sensitive. It is on us that the nobility and gentry and great musicians play.

I was once nearly played on myself by a Countess. A Countess is an Earl's wife, and a Marchioness is a Marquis's, and a Duchess is a Duke's. Then below an Earl comes a Viscount, and then an ordinary Lord or Baron. You see I know all that. I used to hear the ladies speak about that at afternoon tea. If you don't know that kind of thing you are not in good society."

"And what came betwixt you and her nobility that kept the Countess from playing on you?" said a huge Shakespeare that was lying on the floor.

"Well, you see, her ladyship was prevented from coming at the last moment by sudden indisposition. It was a great disappointment to us all. The Countess was very handsome, with such wonderful hair, the colour of old old gold."

"Was she very tall?" said a roll of red crumbcloth that was leaning against the Piano's legs.

"Yes, she was very tall."

"And had she a very pretty nose?"

"She had what they call a distinguished-looking nose, a nose that one couldn't forget."

"And had she a little girl about three years old with a mark on her chin?"

"I can't say particularly as to that," said the Piano, somewhat uneasily. "I think I have heard something about that. But why do you ask?"

"Because," was the answer, "I was once laid down on the pavement in front of the porch of a church at a grand marriage. There was a Baronet at it. Where does a Baronet come in amongst the nobility?"

"Oh, a Baronet is only a Commoner, though he comes next to a Baron, but he is higher than a Knight. A Knight is a plain Sir."

"I see. Well there were lots of gentry anyhow, and Commoners, and then a crowd of what I suppose you would call the commonest folk you ever saw. And they rushed through the line of policemen and stood on the top of me, and one of them I remember was a great big red-headed lass with a nose you couldn't forget, and a little child with her with such a scar on its chin! and they were both bare-footed, and I heard her say, 'Oh feel, Mary Ann, what a nice cosy carpet this is; we are grand leddies for once.' Perhaps that was the ——," but the close of the sentence was drowned in laughter. All the rest of that night the Piano kept silence. Its vindication, it felt, would come next day.

CHAPTER II.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "this Piano is to be sold without reserve. You have satisfied yourselves, I have no doubt, as to its qualities as a musical instrument. No one can deny that it is at least a very handsome piece of furniture. It cost originally, I believe, 150 guineas, and the maker's name is familiar as a household word. Shall I say 100 guineas to begin with? No? Well then, 50? 30? 15? I am offered 15 pounds; 15 pounds ten, thank you; 16 pounds; 17 pounds; and two at 18; 18 ten; 19; 20; 22; 25; now we are getting on; all this

trouble might have been saved if you two ladies had only bidden 100 guineas at once; 25 ten; 25 fifteen; 25 seventeen-and-six; 26; 26 pounds, going at 26 pounds; 26 pounds two-and-six; this 150 guinea concert grand Piano going at 26 pounds two-and-six, going, going, gone! Your name, Madam?"

CHAPTER III.

"Some of you gentlemen, I am informed, wish the Fiddle put up next. Well, who says 15 shillings for this old Fiddle, bow, and case, and a lump of rosin, all complete? 15 shillings? Thank you. One pound; one pound five; did you say £5, sir? Very good, £10; £20; £30; £40." This last bid took the auctioneer's breath away, and he was some time recovering himself. In four minutes £100 was bid. And then the poor man, who had now got a hint that there were representatives of two great London houses, and three provincial museums, and one Berlin musical society in the room, felt that he must rise to the occasion and make a speech. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is not a common sale room, this is a mart of the universe. We are making history, positively making history. This, Gentlemen, is a Violin that the two greatest nations in the world are competing for. What is a Violin? and what is the great difference between it and such an instrument as say that Piano at its best? This is the difference, Gentlemen. A Piano wears out in a few years. Its wires, one may say, are practically not renewable. Once they are done, the Piano is done; you have only the casing left, and after all, the casing is just firewood. But look at a Violin. There sleeps in it, as the poet says, as in the pale eggs of the nightingale, the music of the moon. Not only, Gentlemen, all the music that is yet to come out of it, but all the music that has ever gone into it these 200 years. It is all there. The more a stringed-instrument is used, the more the wood seems to take in the vibrations and the more it increases its power to vibrate better. This Violin is bottled music, just as geologists tell us coal is bottled sunshine, light, and heat, gathered, stored, compressed for a thousand years. And, Gentlemen, may I not say that musical instruments are types of human beings? Some of us are Violins, the better and the richer for every year of hard labour. Others are Pianos, that after twenty or thirty years of the rough practice of life are too clearly the worse for wear, thumped to death by our children and our visitors and ——, but I see you are getting impatient, Gentlemen. £100 is bid, £110, £120, £150, £200, £250, £275, £280, £290, £300; if there is no advance, this genuine Cremona going at £300; going, going, going at £300; the opportunity of a life-time, Gentlemen, the close of an era—going! going! unless the resources of German civilization are utterly exhausted, going! Gone! Gone for £300! In twenty-five years, Gentleman, mark my words, £750 will not buy it!"

Reasons for not going to Church. 6th Series—No. 3.

This lad is not going to church any more, "because the seats are not properly dusted, and one doesn't like to get one's clothes spoilt." He knows, of course, that the Church Officer is lying very ill and needs nursing night and day, "but surely the Deacons, or their wives, could spare an hour on Saturday afternoon, their time isn't so very precious!"

1	F	Make friends that they may receive you into everlasting habitations.—*Luke 16, 9.* "A poor woman whom Dr. Waring had attended in St. Giles' Workhouse said to him, 'Oh, sir, when I'm in heaven I shall watch for you every day, and when I hear you are coming, I shall ask God to let me go and open the door for you.'"—*Sir George Grove's Life.*
2	S	With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought.—*Ps. 45, 15.*
3	S	Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his works should be reproved.
4	M	But he that doeth truth cometh to the light.—*John 3, 20.*
5	Tu	The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and righteous, and good.
6	W	But I am carnal, sold under sin.—*Rom. 7, 12.* "You must not blame the looking-glass, if your face is crooked."—*Russian Proverb.*
7	Th	Now mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself.—*Job 42, 5.*
8	F	We all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord,
9	S	Are transformed into the same image from glory to glory.—*2 Cor. 3, 18, R.V.*
10	S	As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.—*Rev. 3, 19.*
11	M	Thou shalt surely rebuke thy neighbour.—*Lev. 19, 17 (R.V.)*
12	Tu	Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee :
13	W	Rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee.—*Prov. 9, 8,*
14	Th	A reproof entereth more into a wise man than 100 stripes into a fool.—*ch. 17, 10.* The Russian authorities forbad Krilof, 1768-1844. to print his fables, because some of them pointed out the faults of kings. Tsar Nicholas saw one of them by chance in manuscript, and was so touched that, meeting Krilof shortly after on the street, he kissed him on both cheeks, and said, "Write on, old man, write on."
15	F	He that hateth reproof shall die.—*ch. 15, 10.*
16	S	Reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering.—*2 Tim. 4, 2.*
17	S	The trees of the Lord are satisfied.—*Ps. 104, 16, R.V.*
18	M	And God said, I have given you every tree.—*Gen. 1, 29.*
19	Tu	The trees of the field shall clap their hands.—*Is. 55, 12.*
20	W	Thy servants can skill to cut timber.—*2 Chron. 2, 8.*
21	Th	Workmen in the house of God.—*Ez. 3, 9.* "I saw a young Russian cut out with his axe, measuring it by his eye, a hexagonal hole 6 inches wide and deep. I examined it ; the sides were exactly equal, and the angles all correct."—*Haxthausen.*
22	F	Whom they slew, hanging Him on the tree.—*Acts 10, 39, R.V.* And our Lord as a carpenter had dealt so lovingly with the wood of trees !
23	S	Who His Own Self bare our sins in His body upon the tree.—*1 Pet. 2, 24.*
24	S	O sing.—*Ps. 96.* "Heathen music is all in the *minor*."—*Speer's Missions.*
25	M	Let us make a joyful noise —*Ps. 95, 1.*
26	Tu	Let the saints sing for joy upon their beds.—*Ps. 149, 5.*
27	W	I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart.—*Ps. 9, 1.*
28	Th	I will sing with the understanding.—*1 Cor. 14, 15.*
29	F	O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever.—*Ps. 30, 12.*
30	S	Magnify the Lord with me, let us exalt His Name together.—*Ps. 34, 3.*

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The Morning Watch.

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"Jump, Jim Crow!"

Admiral Makharoff.

But yet the Lord, that is on high,
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.

Ps. 93. 4.

THE sinking of the British Submarine A1, with eleven men inside her, through collision with a mail steamer—and three seconds more would have saved her!—; the death at Boonton, New Jersey, U.S.A., of the young diver Hoar, caught, through the breaking of a valve, by the rush of water in a big waste pipe at the bottom of a reservoir 70 feet deep, with his brother divers working with all their might to save him, and a townsful of people lining the banks in helpless misery, while he fought for life for one-and-twenty hours; and the drowning of the brave and accomplished Admiral Makharoff with nearly eight hundred men, at Port Arthur, on board the Petropavlovsk; these three events, all happening last month within a few days of each other, have brought death before the eyes of the world in one of its most appalling forms. What passed during those awful minutes and hours while these strong men battled with the king of terrors, God only knows.

Yet who can tell what peace and calm and even joy possessed their souls when the first moment of anguish had passed! They had time to pray, and God had time to answer. Could we but have heard the cries that came to His ears out of the depths, perhaps we would have said, "It is not the voice of them that cry for being overcome, but the noise of them that sing do I hear."

Doubtless some of us who read these words will be brought face to face with death like these men, *with our life still whole in us.* Well shall it be with us if in that hour, like Jonah, we rightly use the precious moments that are left us and cry to God out of the belly of hell. "The waters compassed me about, even to the soul; the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head. I went down to the bottoms of the mountains: the earth with her bars was about me for ever: yet hast Thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God."

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

"Since I understood the meaning of my own Name, it hath been of some use to me: I pray that it may be so also to thee."—Walter Pringle of Greenknow, a Covenanter, writing to his child, 16th March, 1663.

(Continued from page 39.)

What is thy name? Louisa.

Lady Louisa Tighe, daughter of a Duke of Richmond who died in 1819 of hydrophobia when Governor-General of Canada, won the favour of the Duke of Wellington by the pluck she showed in remounting his horse "Copenhagen," after she had been thrown through the breaking of a stirrup. "She was kicked off," he said, "and didn't mind it a bit." She had the honour of buckling on the Duke's sword when he set out from her mother's house in Brussels on the morning of Waterloo, she being then scarcely twelve years old. In 1825 she became engaged to the Right Hon. William Tighe of Woodstock, Co. Kilkenny, an earnest Christian, on which occasion her mother wrote to a friend: "Poor Louisa is going to make a shocking marriage—a man called Tiggy, my dear, a saint and a radical." Lady Tighe died only two or three years ago, having never regretted, let us hope, that in choosing a husband she took God rather than her mother for her guide.

An Irish gentleman of this name courteously informs me that occasionally intimate friends still say "Tiggy" in jest, but that properly pronounced the name rhymes with "high." In some parts of England it is spelt "Tye."

The first church built by native Christians in Ceylon stands on a little piece of ground which was given by a Singhalese girl. It was her

What is thy name? Louisa.

marriage portion, all she had, and in giving it she seemed in the eyes of her friends to renounce all hope of being married. The money that supported and educated her, twenty dollars, or £5 a year, came from the United States, and was sent by a coloured cook named LOUISA OSBORNE, whose wages were sixty dollars, or £15 a year. When her mistress and her minister told her she was doing wrong in giving so much, she said, "I have thought it all over." "What made you do it?" she was asked many years afterwards by a missionary from Ceylon, who met her accidentally at a meeting in the town of Lowell in Massachusetts at which he was telling the story of the Ceylon girl's sacrifice. "What made you do it?" "I do not know," she answered, "but I guess it was my Lord Jesus." Louisa Osborne was still living fourteen years ago, and I am sure some of you will be pleased to know that her little protegee—there are two e's in that word because it is a French word and it is feminine—got a husband after all, and made a good match, with a Christian like herself, though I daresay his name would sound odder to us than even the Duchess of Richmond's "Tiggy."

The mother of Bismarck was a LOUISE, as was also the mother of his master the Emperor William, the grandfather of the present German Emperor. The latter of these, LOUISE OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ, died in 1810, when her son was thirteen. When Napoleon, who had had a painful interview with her after the battle of Jena, heard of her death, he said, "The King of Prussia has lost his best minister." When she was near her end she said, "Even if our descendants do not rank my name among those of celebrated women, they will say, when they hear of all I endured and of the sorrows of this time, 'She suffered much, possessing her soul in patience.' But I only wish that they should say at the same time, 'She had children who were worthy of better times, who have striven to bring them about, and striven in the end successfully.'"

Dr. Theodore Cuyler, an eminent American Presbyterian minister, lost his father when he was four years old. "The only distinct recollections I have of him," he says, "are his leading me to school in the morning and his punishing me once for using a profane word I had heard from some rough boys. That wholesome bit of discipline kept me from ever breaking the Third Commandment again. After his death I passed entirely into the care of one of the best mothers that God ever gave to an only son." Her name was LOUISA FRANCES MORRELL. She was more to him, her son says, "than school, pastor, or church, or all combined. God made mothers before He made ministers; the progress of Christ's Kingdom depends more upon the influence of faithful, wise, and pious mothers than upon any other human agency. My mother's discipline was loving but thorough; she never bribed me to good conduct with sugar-plums; she praised every commendable deed heartily, for she held that an ounce of honest praise is often worth more than many pounds of punishment." When her son was still young she declined the offer of a legacy of a law library on his behalf, saying, "I fully expect that my little boy will yet be a

What is thy name?

Louisa.

minister." After her death Dr. Cuyler put a memorial window in his church, representing Hannah and Samuel, with these words. "As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." "I feel now," he adds in his *Autobiography*, "that the happy fifty-six years I have spent in the glorious ministry of redemption are the direct outcome of her prayers, teaching, example, and holy influence."

"Shall I tell you a Secret?"

The Sleeping Officer.

Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.

Two months ago I told you a ship captain's story about an officer who was disrated for his insolence and impenitence when he was reproved for sleeping at his post. Here is another captain's story about a sleeping officer.

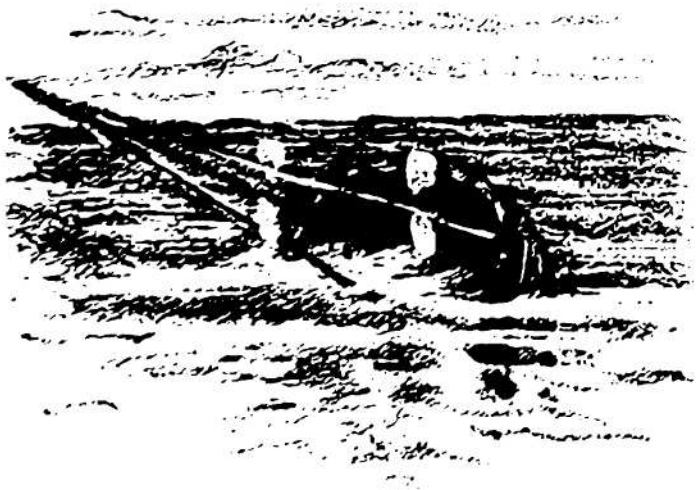
"It was the brig *Runnymede* of Greenock, 180 tons, bound from Saint John's, Newfoundland, to Pernambuco with a cargo of cod-fish, which then and still are in great request in the Brazils. The fish that are caught in the tropics haven't the taste of our northern fish at all, and besides they have to be used up at once—they simply won't preserve, at least in a way that white folks can eat.

We were ten hands all told, and I was then sailing before the mast, my first voyage after my apprenticeship was out. Our first mate was a man that seemingly couldn't keep his eyes open at night. He was a good deal given to reading during the day, during his watch below, when he should have been sleeping. A man has got to sleep sometime, and if he doesn't sleep when he is off duty, he is bound to sleep when he is on duty. The trouble in this case was that the only clock on board was kept in the cabin, which only the officers have access to. It was his duty, when it was his watch on deck, to go down stairs and look the time, so that the ship's bell might be struck every two hours. On steamers and big ships, of course, they strike the bell every half-hour. But there were no big ships then, at least not what would be called big now.

Well, as I have said, he was in the habit of falling asleep in his night watch on deck, particularly in the middle watch, that is between 12 and 4 in the morning. That often kept the man at the wheel beyond the two hours, and, more annoying still, the men on deck would be kept there perhaps half-an-hour or more longer than they should have been, when their four hours were up, and I need hardly say that is a thing no sailor will stand.

This happened so often that at last we men resolved upon a plan to stop it. So one night, just after we had crossed the equator and were going along with a brisk south-east trade wind about nine knots an hour—just about our best—every sail set, he sat down on the seat alongside the companion, that is, a sort of hatchway over the entrance to the cabin, and was soon fast asleep. We had our plan all arranged, and it was this. We got a coal basket and slung it log-ship fashion—that is, we fixed three ropes to it the way they do with a grocer's scale, so that whenever it was thrown overboard, the edge or rim of the basket would catch the water, and the basket itself would be half-submerged. We then fastened a light rope to it, passed the rope along from the outside through the scupper-hole aft, and

made it fast to the mate's two legs. The basket, of course, was well forward, lying on the deck, and all we had to do was to heave it overboard. But before doing that we put a stopper or check-rope on to the rope, so that when he was hauled off his seat he would be carried only a distance of ten or twelve feet along the quarter-deck. If we hadn't done that, he would have been dragged the whole way to the scupper-hole, and would very likely have had at least one of his legs broken. It was now after 12, nearly half-an-hour after the watch should have been relieved. We had found out the time, and had taken the precaution of calling the watch ourselves, so that all hands were on deck at the time. We all kept out of sight as much as possible, but when everything was ready the signal was given, and the basket was thrown overboard. The next



moment or so, the rope that led through the scupper-hole was violently jerked, owing to the resistance the basket made to the water, and instantly there was a yell, and the mate was lifted through the air and left lying on his back about a couple of feet from the scupper-hole, and almost out of his mind. The yell awoke the captain, who came rushing up on deck, and looking round him found his chief officer lying on the forepart of the quarter-deck gesticulating but unable to speak.

The captain went up to him and asked him what he was doing there, but for a time got no reply. When the mate found speech at last, all he could say was, 'I don't know, sir, I found myself here.' The captain walked round to see if he could discover anything, and then, tripping over the check-rope, saw what had brought the mate to that position, and quickly guessed the rest! The mate got a good blowing up, and was told it had served him right. The captain had himself caught him sleeping before. More than once I had seen him break a long clay pipe, a churchwarden, over the mate's nose when he was sleeping. And I don't think he was on the whole displeased at what we men had done. If the mate had been what an officer should have been, we would of course have been afraid to do any such thing. And indeed it was a risky thing to do. Yet it seemed to cure him, for during the remainder of the voyage, which lasted two months five days in all, he never once risked even sitting down when it was his watch on deck."

"It had been a case with him of—'Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.'"

"Yes; but let me tell you that some of the best officers I have ever had under my command, I have caught sleeping at night, specially first officers, and the reason was, they took such an interest in the working of the ship that they would be on deck a great part of the time they should have been keeping their watch below. For men like them I have great sympathy; but of course when they were caught asleep, they owned to it at once, and were sorry for it."

"And what came over the *Runnymede?*"

"What I have told you happened more than forty years ago. Another firm bought her, and she was sent out to China to trade there, and was lost not long after. But she was a famous little clipper, one of Mr. Steele's building, and one of the smartest little vessels in the Newfoundland trade. Indeed, out there the only name she ever got was the *Running Maid.*"

Wannonbie Lodge.

THE husband and wife who kept the lodge at the gate of Wannonbie made things so unpleasant for everybody that at last they had been told "to go." "We have to open and shut that big gate twenty times a day," they would say, forgetting that that was what they were there for.

Captain and Lady Balderston were determined that, whatever other qualities might be awanting, the next porter and his wife should be at least kindly and obliging. "An open face and an open heart," said the lady, "go well with an open door, and a house that hasn't 'welcome' plainly written on everything about it is no house at all."

CHAPTER II.

"Well, my dear," said the Captain, "you have had a long drive, but I hope you are pleased with that man Webb. Did you see him?"

"Yes. I saw both him and his wife, and their little boy, and their cottage is certainly in perfect order, and I can well believe from what I saw that he wins more prizes at flower shows than any other man in the county, yet somehow I didn't take either to him or her. I told them that I rather feared they would not do, but that you yourself would likely call again."

Meantime Mrs. Webb had told several people in the village that it was as good as settled that she and her husband were going to Wannonbie Lodge.

CHAPTER III.

In a little cottage on the other side of the burn that flowed at the back of the Webbs' house there lived a wheelwright, a Mr. Peffers, who had left Glasgow the previous May on account of his health. Knowing absolutely nothing about either

flowers or vegetables, he had made a good many mistakes in his little garden. The one merit it possessed was perfect neatness and tidiness. He had hoped to learn something from his neighbour, but he had soon found out that Mr. Webb was not disposed to teach anybody anything for nothing. The Webbs watched him at times through an opera glass, and he could hear them laughing now and again when, for example, he had dug up a flower which he had mistaken for a weed. One day the three little Peffers girls had come down to the burn's side to make friendly advances to little Peter Webb. Three men crossed the Atlantic for these same, eighteen years afterwards, to take them to new homes in Canada, but all that Peter said was, "My mother says my father is not going to tell your father anything, so he isn't," and the little girls in their innocent wonder went straight up the bank and repeated the words to their mother.

Chapter IV.

Captain Balderston spent nearly half-an-hour in the Webbs' cottage on his second visit. He took another look at the medals and prizes with which the little parlour seemed to overflow. "A man likes to have servants he is proud of," he kept saying to himself, and in spite of what his wife had said, I think he would have engaged them there and then had he not, happily for himself but unhappily for them, gone out to take a turn up and down the little avenue at whose entrance the cottage stood.

"Whose little girls are these?" he asked the gardener.

"Oh, they belong to some Glasgow man, a wheelwright I think they say he is, but I don't know anything about him."

"Does that little windmill actually lift up the water from the burn and work the fountain? Did he do it all himself?"

"My wife saw him putting it up, but I believe you can get that kind of thing ready-made."

"He must be an ingenious fellow," said the Captain, "but I don't think you need to be afraid of his cutting you out of any of the medals at the show this year! His garden is very trim but everything seems very backward."

"That is so, sir," said Webb; I don't think I ever saw a man that knew less about a garden. Many a time my wife and I laughed at the mistakes he made."

"And did you never think of giving him a hint or two? I should have thought it would have been a pleasure to you to do that."

"Well, you see, it was none of my business, sir."

"Ah! I see," said the Captain; "but that all depends on what meaning you put into the words 'your business.' Good morning. . . . . Good morning, Mrs. Webb."

A few minutes afterwards the gardener and his wife heard the clatter of the Captain's horse's hoofs go past the gate. His old groom was riding twenty yards behind him. The Webbs tried to gather something from his face, but he made no sign.

"Are we no to get the place?" said Mrs. Webb at last to her husband.

"I fear no; he seemed ill-pleased because I hadn't done up that Glasgow body's garden for him. I wonder if he thinks I have nothing to do but to be my brother's keeper as somebody or other in the Bible says. Wasn't it Abel that said that?"

"Was it no Cain?" said his wife.

Chapter V.

Four or five days afterwards the Captain and his lady, who had both been making enquiries, appeared in the village once more, but this time the carriage drew up at Mr. Peffers' door.

"Would it be convenient for you to show my wife and myself your garden?" said the Captain to Mrs. Peffers when she opened the door.

"Perfectly convenient, sir, but our garden, I'm afraid, is hardly worth looking at. You see we are new-comers here, and my man and me being town-bred didn't know anything about gardening. But come in, if you please, and you'll see himself. I'm sorry you'll have to go through the kitchen to get to the room."

In the kitchen they found Mr Peffers rising from his chair. He had been drawing on a slate, to the great delight of his little girls, two old crows caa'ing a rope while a young one was learning to skip.

"This lady and gentleman would like to see the garden, but I told them it was hardly worth showing to anybody."

"We will be very pleased to show it to you," said Mr. Peffers, "but if it's a garden you wish to look at you should go across the way. The man that lives at the end of the avenue is as clever a gardener as you'll find in a day's journey. I doubt it has been his place you wished to see."

"No, it's yours."

"You see, sir," said Mr. Peffers, "I knew nothing about gardening. No man ever knew less, and I made every mistake that a man could make. I didn't even think that gardening was a trade, I thought it was unskilled labour, but I have learnt a lesson. And if I'm spared, I hope to do better next year."

"And where did you get the windmill? You didn't make it yourself?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And those dear little buckets? Oh, and here is a waterfall, and a beauty pond, and wild duck in it! Are they real, or imitation?"

"Imitation, ma'am;" to which Mrs. Peffers added, "And do you know, sir, the other night when it was full moon some real wild ducks came and looked at them!"

Chapter VI.

"Hullo! what are you striking Peter for?" said Mr. Webb to his wife two days afterwards, as he came in to dinner at twelve o'clock. "What's he been doing? You look angry."

"Angry?" she said, "is it not enough to make anybody angry? That creature over there and his wife have got the place at Captain Balderston's!"

Reasons for not going to Church. 6th Series—No. 4.

1st Lady. "*Oh! we mean to leave our Church. Between you and I* (she should have said, "Between you and me") *some people in it are that* ***uneducated*** (she meant "so uneducated") *we don't wish Maria Anne to* ***associate with them.***"

2nd Lady. "*I'm afraid whatever Church your husband and yourself go to, your daughter will have to mix with some vulgar and uneducated people.*"

But the 1st Lady doesn't see the point of that remark!

1	S	He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good.—*Matt. 5, 45.*
2	M	The heavens declare the glory of God ;—*Ps. 19.*
3	Tu	And the firmament sheweth His handywork.
4	W	In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun,
5	Th	Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber.
6	F	His circuit is unto the ends of the heaven ;
7	S	And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. "28 July, 1898. An officer came in to-day, smiling, and happy as a child with a new toy, saying, 'I can feel the heat of the sun.' We all went out in awe and amazement to drink in the first sensible sunbeams we had had for three months."—*F. A. Cook's Antarctic Night.*
8	S	O that I were as I was in the days of my youth.—*Job 29, 2.*
9	M	The days of his youth Thou hast shortened.—*Ps. 89, 45.*
10	Tu	Our dance is turned into mourning.—*Lam. 5, 15.*—"Madam Pasta, 1798-1865, for long the idol of the public, was persuaded to sing in London some years after she had retired. But she had lost her fine figure and her voice, and when she began her song half a note below the orchestra, poor thing, she was hissed ! It was distressing to see her look of disappointment and despair."—*Lady Blomfield's Recollections.*
11	W	Thus saith the Lord, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth.—*Jer. 2, 2.*
12	Th	Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.—*Ps. 103, 5.*
13	F	Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing.—*Ps. 30, 11.*
14	S	He hath put a new song in my mouth : many shall see it.—*Ps. 40, 3.*
15	S	Sirs, ye are brethren.—*Acts 7. 26.*
16	M	First be reconciled to thy brother.—*Matt. 5, 24.*
17	Tu	Love one another from the heart fervently.—*1 Pet. 1, 22 (R. V.)*
18	W	Tenderly affectioned.—*Rom. 12, 10 (R. V.)* "I felt wronged because I had more affection for my sisters than they had for me. But as my affection was manifested partly in a general rudeness of behaviour, partly in acts of absolute selfishness, I can only wonder that any one of them remained devoted to me."—*Mark Pattison's Memoirs.*
19	Th	Carry these ten cheeses, and look how thy brethren fare.—*1 Sam. 17, 18.*
20	F	Job's sons feasted every one his day, and sent for their three sisters.—*Job 1, 4.*
21	S	Jesus said, Go tell My brethren.—*Matt. 28, 10.*
22	S	The writing was the writing of God.—*Ex. 32, 16.*
23	M	Blessed is he that readeth.—*Rev. 1, 3*
24	Tu	These things are written for our admonition.—*1 Cor. 10, 11.*
25	W	Written for the generation to come.—*Ps. 102, 17.*
26	Th	Did ye never read in the scriptures?—*Matt. 21, 42.* "*Lege, lege, aliquid hærebit,*" Read, read, some of it will stick, was the late Dean Farrar's constant cry to the boys at Marlborough College.
27	F	His disciples remembered that it was written.—*John 2, 17.*
28	S	The Comforter will bring all things to your remembrance.—*John 14, 26.*
29	S	O that they would consider their latter end !—*Deut. 32, 29.* "Measure ten times ; but cut only once."—*Russian Proverb.*
30	M	In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.—*Prov. 11, 14.*
31	Tu	Woe to them that take counsel, but not of Me.—*Is. 30, 1 ; 9, 6.*

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XVII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 6.

Shadow Drawing.

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Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?—Lam. 1, 12.

In the Official Journal of the Operations of the Royal Engineers at the Siege of Sebastopol there is a Brigade-Order of their Commanding Officer, Major-General Bourchier, R.E., in which he finds fault with the reports of the officers on duty in the trenches. There was nothing in them but the distribution of working parties, that is, nothing but an account of their own daily routine work; there were no remarks about the enemy's proceedings—the very thing good soldiers ought to try to find out; in one word, he says, "there was nothing in their reports to show that the operations of a great siege were in progress."

You and I cannot always be speaking or thinking about the Great War now going on between Russia and Japan, but it should come up both into our thought and speech now and again every day. Specially ought it to enter into our prayers. Our prayers and conversations with God and man are all recorded, and it will not look well when they are read hereafter, if there is nothing in them to show that we knew we were living in solemn days, "while a Great War was going on," and men were dying and drowning and killing each other almost every hour.

Peter was sitting in the light of the fire.—Mark 14, 54. R.V.

That, as Peter came by, at the least his shadow might overshadow some one of them.—Acts 5, 15. R.V.

Pin a newspaper on the wall, pencil the outline of the shadow on it, cut it out, then make an exact copy of it in black paper and paste it on a piece of cardboard. In that way you can make a very striking likeness of your father or your mother or any other friend, and they can make one of you. It is a delightful amusement, though it is one that is more for the long nights of winter than for the short ones of summer.

And may God in His great mercy and love grant that whether your shadow grows greater or less, the sight of it may never cause one moment's sorrow to anybody as long as you live.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

"Since I understood the meaning of my own Name, it hath been of some use to me: I pray that it may be so also to thee."—Walter Pringle of Greenknow, a Covenanter, writing to his child, 16th March, 1663.

(Continued from page 53.)

What is thy name?

Louise.

Admiral Gaspard de Coligny, one of the thousands of Huguenots who were murdered on St. Bartholomew's Day in 1572, and one of the noblest Frenchmen of all time, had for his mother by her second marriage, Louise de Montmorency, who had been wife of the Marquis de Chatillon. She belonged to one of the best-born families of France, and was a woman of great intellectual power. We are told she loved to read the gospels and listen to the Reformers, and that she refused to have a priest about her house. They had a daughter, likewise a Louise, about whom her father wrote: "I counsel her to marry M. de Feligny, for the excellent disposition and other noble and rare qualities which I have found in him, and if she does so I shall esteem her very happy. I do not wish to use my authority, only I let her know that, loving her as she very well knows I love her, I give her this counsel because I think it will be for her welfare and contentment, which in such matters are right to look for rather than great wealth." She took her father's advice, and married his penniless friend and disciple, though her hand was sought by several German Princes. After she became a widow she married the famous William the Silent, then a widower, the man who broke the power of Spain.

John Richard Green the historian, writing to Mrs. Creighton, wife of Dr. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London, whose maiden name was Louise von Glehn, says: "The memory of the earnest, resolute girl who came into the midst of our circle in these old days in Sydenham, with her love of knowledge and her love of right—that memory is one of the pleasantest of all that time, as it is assuredly one of the best. It was a great crisis in my life though none of you then knew it; I stood on the brink of a moral wreck; and if I was saved, perhaps the steady right-mindedness of a certain Louise von Glehn, moving amidst that sceptical self-indulgent circle, with her resolute spirit of love and duty, had more to do with it than she knew."

Louisa Fanny Pyne, Mrs. Frank Bodda, a great singer in her day, who died a few weeks ago, refused while still a child to take an engagement with Lablache in St. Petersburg because she would have to sing on the Sabbath day. Some years after she did the same thing to Auber the French composer for the same reason. Sir Arthur Sullivan tells us in his *Autobiography* that after he went to

What is thy name? Louisa.

Leipsic to continue his musical education, he having won the Mendelssohn scholarship and being then a boy of 16, he would not go to the first two subscription concerts, though they were the great events of the season, because they were given on the Sabbath. When he came home, the first question Sir George Smart put to him was—"Did you go to any concerts on the Sabbath?" and, says Sir Arthur, "he was delighted when I said 'No.'" There is a fine promise in Is. 56, 4-5, to all such people, a promise which, as Dr. Andrew Bonar says, stills all earthly ambition.

Lucy.

The late Augustus J. C. Hare tells us in his *Memories* that his aunt LUCY, the Hon. Mrs. Marcus Hare, daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, though a woman of much refinement and very kind to those whom she loved, would often not speak to him for weeks together, though they lived in the same house, and was so jealous lest he should in anything be preferred to her own little boy, that in order not to offend her his mother had to pretend to care less for him than she did, and would often whip him severely for very small offences "just to please Aunt Lucy!"

LUCY FORTESCUE, wife of the first Lord Lyttelton, known as "the good," had for a son Thomas, known in history from his vices as "the wicked Lord Lyttelton." As a boy he promised well, his figure, behaviour, and parts being much admired; he read Milton, we are told, with delight. The story of his death used to be well known. "On the 24th April, 1779, he dreamed that a bird flew into his room and changed into a woman, who told him that he had not three days to live. He told the dream, and the story became at once the talk of the town. Though he affected to make light of it, the occurrence weighed on his mind, but on the morning of the 27th he said he felt very well and believed that he should 'bilk the ghost.' Passing a graveyard with his cousin he remarked on the number of vulgar fellows who had died at his own age, five-and-thirty, adding, 'But you and I, who are gentlemen, shall come to a good old age.' After driving to Epsom and dining there he returned home and went to bed apparently in good health, but died in a moment at a quarter-past eleven, it is thought, from heart disease." He seems also to have been given to the use of drugs.

Leap-Frog.

LEAP-FROG well played is a pretty game, and I have always admired and envied those that are good at it. It gets its name from the fact, which many do not seem to know, that it is real literal frogs that have taught boys how to play it. I remember my own astonishment at seeing, for the first time, some little frogs giving each other a "back," and vaulting over one another's shoulders, one summer day on the margin of a shallow sandy pool. It is one of the things, like the capers of a kitten, or the antics of a monkey, or the braying of an ass, which God has made His creatures do in order that men may laugh, and take courage, when they are cast down.

How often and how long the

Walking, and leaping, and praising God.—*Acts 3, 8.*

frogs play at this game I have not been able to find out. Perhaps, like our games, it runs but a short season; perhaps it is a sport for the slim and supple only, but in any case we may be sure the players get great enjoyment out of it, walking and leaping and praising God. For every kind of beasts and of birds and of fishes has its time to play as well as its time to work. You remember the Psalm:

Yonder is the sea, great and wide,
Wherein are things creeping innumerable,
Both small and great beasts.
There go the ships;
There is leviathan, whom Thou hast formed to take his pastime therein.—*Ps. 104, 25 (R.V.)*

What pastimes do whales engage in, I wonder! Perhaps, when they are little, if they are ever little, they "go in and out the icebergs," or try who can spout and blow loudest and highest; perhaps, when they get older, they try long-distance dives, or see who can go farthest with one flap, two flaps, three flaps of their tails, or aim at lowering the record for 100, 300, or 1000 miles. Or, perhaps every year they have an International Championship Race from Cape Farewell in Greenland, up Baffin Bay, round the North Pole, keeping the Pole on their right hand or starboard side, then south and right round Iceland, keeping it on the left, thence round the most easterly of the Faroe Islands, and home to the starting point. Or, perhaps when the love of frolic has passed into the love of adventure, there are brave and plucky whales, Franklins and M'Clintocks and Greelys and Nansens, that try who will go farthest south, and hope some day to touch the equator and feel the heat of the line, and gaze, if only for one moment, at a "vertical sun!"

A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth.—Ps. 112, 5.

THE Rev. Alex. Davidson, formerly Reformed Presbyterian minister at Stromness, Orkney, then at Kilbirnie, and latterly of the United Free Church there, who died on the 8th of last month, was a man of a singularly rich and pleasant humour. Some years ago a friend of mine asked him what he had been preaching about the previous Sabbath.

"My text," he replied, "was the 5th verse of the 112th Psalm," quoting the words given above.

"Well," said my friend, "suppose a man had called on you on Monday and said, 'I just came to tell you, Mr. Davidson, how greatly I was taken with your sermon yesterday, you brought so much out of that text; I don't know when I enjoyed anything so much. And as I was thinking of starting a brick-work and was needing about £150, I thought I couldn't do better than come and ask you for the loan of the money for a short time, or you could become caution for me. You wouldn't need to pay the money; all you would have to do would be to sign a paper.' Suppose a man had come and said that to you, what would you have done, Mr. Davidson?"

"Done? What would I have done? Oh! I would just have finished the verse"—quoting this time from the metrical version—

"A good man doth his favour shew,
And doth to others lend;
He with discretion his affairs
Will guide unto the end!"

"Are you never tempted to take your humour into the pulpit?" said the same friend to him.

"Many a time," was the answer, "but I don't do it. I say to my humour as Abraham said to his young men, 'Abide ye here with

the ass; and I will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.'"

And yet there is surely a place for humour, that is, for some kinds of it, even in the pulpit, seeing there is humour all through the Bible, and not least of all in the sayings of our Lord Himself, as, for example, when He said to His disciples, Fear ye not; *ye are of more value than many sparrows!*

Lord, Thou preservest man and beast,
How precious is Thy grace!
Therefore in shadow of Thy wings
Men's sons their trust shall place.

—*Ps. 36, 6.*

Bible Etiquette for the Paying of Visits.

(A Bible Class Exercise. I have not thought it necessary to give the references. Some of them are taken from the Revised Version.—Ed. M. W.)

Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out.—Deut. 28, 6.

1.—The Time to Visit.

The set time. . . . Every one his day. . . . If any bid you, and ye be disposed to go. . . . It came into his heart to visit his brethren. . . . Assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us. . . We come in a good day.

2.—The Time not to Visit.

She looketh well to the ways of her household. . . . Mine own vineyard have I not kept. . . . Where is Sarah thy wife? . . . And he said, In the tent. ("Just where she ought to be," says Matthew Henry.) . . . Teach the young women to be keepers at home. . . . Let thy foot be seldom in thy neighbour's house, lest he be weary of thee. . . Lest by her continual coming she wear me out. . . . Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go to him at midnight?

3.—Whom to Visit. Who is my Neighbour?

(*a*) *Relatives.*—He arose and came to his father. . . . Israel said, I will go and see Joseph before I die. . . They sent for their three sisters to eat and to drink with them. . . Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not. . . (*b*) *Fellow Church-Members.*—Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again, and visit our brethren, and see how they do. . . . (*c*) *The Lonely, etc.*—Visit the fatherless and widows. . . . I was in prison, and ye came unto Me. . . Ye know the heart of a stranger. . . Job's three friends made an appointment together to come to mourn with him. . . . Ahaziah went to see Joram, because he was sick. . . . Many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother. . . . (*d*) *Visits of Congratulation.*—Mary arose, and entered into the house of Zecharias and saluted Elizabeth. . . . Her neighbours and kinsfolk heard that the Lord had magnified His mercy towards her, and they rejoiced with her. . . . She calleth her friends and her neighbours, saying, Rejoice with me. . . . Tou sent his son to David to congratulate him, because he had fought against Hadarezer.

4.—Those with whom it is better not to be on Visiting terms.

Evil company doth corrupt good manners. . . . I will not go in with dissemblers. . . . Cast out the scorner. . . . Receive him not into your house, and give him no greeting. . . . Ye see the man is mad. Shall this fellow come into my house? . . . Samuel came no more so see Saul, nevertheless he mourned for Saul. . . . Note that man that ye have no company with him, to the end that he may be ashamed.

5.—Behaviour whilst Visiting.

O Lord, I pray Thee, grant Thy servant mercy in the sight of this man. . . . Joseph shaved himself, and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh. . . . I will that women also adorn themselves. . . . Knock. . . . There is a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing. . . Salute the friends by name. . . Say unto

her, Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? . . . Go and sit down in the lowest place. . . . Let each esteem other better than themselves. . . . Whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question. . . . I will not eat till I have told mine errand. . . . Let your speech be seasoned with salt. . . . Rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep. . . . Job's three friends sat down with him upon the ground, and none spake a work unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great. . . . Be not hasty to go out. . . Wisdom is profitable to direct. . . . She tarried a little. . . . Finally, "Fareweli."

7.—Things not to do.

The daughters of Zion walk with stretched forth necks, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet. . . They drew near to break the door. . . . Sit not down in the chief seat. . . . Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come. . . There is nothing at all, beside this manna, before our eyes. . . . Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother. . . . Avoid foolish questions. . . . Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. . . . He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he maketh signs with his fingers. . . . His heart gathereth iniquity to itself; when he goeth abroad, he telleth it. ("A dog that brings in a bone will take out a bone.")

8.—Duties of a Host or Hostess.

The brethren came to meet us as far as Appii Forum (40 miles). . . . The guestchamber; a large upper room furnished. . . . When he knocketh, open unto him immediately. . . . Gaius mine host saluteth you. . . . Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without? . . . Sit thou here in a good place. . . . Render to all their dues, honour to whom honour. . . . Samuel brought them into the parlour, and made them sit in the chiefest place. . . . He removed Esther to the best place. . . . Coal to warm at, a fire to sit before. . . . He asked them of their welfare. Is your father well? The old man of whom ye spake, is he yet alive? . . Rest yourselves, and I will fetch a morsel of bread. And Abraham ran unto the herd, and fetched a calf tender and good. And he took butter and milk and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them and they did eat. . . . Tarry all night. And they said, Nay. And he pressed upon them greatly. . . . He commanded to give them provision for the way. . . . Whom thou wilt do well to set forward on their journey worthily of God. . . . They accompanied him unto the ship. . . . Timotheus brought us tidings from you that ye have good remembrance of us.

10.—A Host's Blunders.

I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them? . . . He from within shall say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut. I cannot rise. . . . Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give. . . . I have eaten my morsel alone. . . . Lend me three loaves; for a friend of mine is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him. . . . A man came unto me, but I asked him not whence he was, neither told he me his name. . . . Martha was cumbered by much serving. . . . Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that puttest thy bottle to him. . . .

What have these men seen in thy house? All that is in mine house have they seen. . . . They watch for my halting. . . . That make a man an offender for a word. . . .

11.—What if the Visit is not returned?

Judge not. . . . Something hath befallen him. . . . The heart knoweth its own bitterness. . . . Neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee. . . . I purposed to come, and was hindered hitherto. . . . My familiar friends have forgotten me. . . . He was angry and would not go in. . . . How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? . . . Overcome evil with good.

12.—The Perfect Example, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

AS A GUEST.—*He came a long way, humble, willing, contented, grateful, frank, fond of introducing His friends, despised and rejected, patient under insult, easy to be intreated, comes without asking,* AND COMES TO-DAY.

The Son Which is in the bosom of the Father. . . . Lo, I come. . . . She laid Him in a manger. . . . To-day I must abide at thy house. . . . Gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner! . . . Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. . . . Where is the guestchamber, where I shall eat with My disciples? . . . The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head. . . . They besought him that He would depart out of their coasts. . . . He was oppressed, yet He opened not His mouth. . . . To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise. . . . Joseph laid His body in his own new tomb. . . . They constrained Him, saying, Abide with us. And He went in. . . . Have ye here any meat? And they gave Him a piece of a broiled fish, and He did eat. . . . When the doors were shut, came Jesus. . . . Behold, I stand at the door, and knock. If any man open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.

AS A HOST:—*He keeps open house, constantly inviting us, and anybody we like to bring, with all His heart, always accessible, never "stands on dignity," kind even to enemies, generous, lavish, interested in all our concerns, considerate, misses the absent, will simply not let us go away.*

He that openeth. . . . Come unto Me, all. . . . They said, Rabbi, where dwellest Thou? He saith, Come and see. They came, and saw, and abode with Him that day. . . . Certain Greeks desired Philip, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus. Philip telleth Andrew, and again Andrew and Philip tell Jesus. . . . As many as ye shall find, bid. . . . Compel them to come in. . . . Nicodemus came to Jesus by night. . . . When they could not come nigh unto Him, they uncovered the roof where He was. . . . They need not depart; give ye them to eat. . . . They did all eat, and were filled. Likewise of the fishes as much as they would. . . . He began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them. . . . When He had dipped the sop, He gave it to Judas Iscariot. . . . Children, have ye any meat? They said, No. As soon then as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread. . . . But Thomas was not with them when Jesus came. . . . And He led them out as far as Bethany. And while He blessed them, He was parted from them. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. . . . And so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Reasons for not going to Church. 6th Series—No. 5.

That lad went into a public-house, though he had promised to his mother not to go, because another lad asked him twice and pressed him, "and a fellow doesn't like to make himself disagreeable."

But he is not going to Church any more, because his Minister asked him the other day why he had been so often absent of late, "and he is not going to be badgered that way by any man; a fellow likes to show he has a mind of his own."

1	W	Thou shalt not put a stumbling block before the blind.—*Lev. 19, 14.*
2	TH	Thou shalt write all the words very plainly.—*Deut. 27, 8.* Mr. Morley says that in looking over the 60,000 letters sent to Mr. Gladstone which he had marked "selected," "It is borne in on one how grievously the burden of man's lot is aggravated by slovenly dates, illegible signatures, and forgetfulness that writing is something meant to be read."
3	F	Write thee the name of the day, even of this self-same day.—*Ezek. 24, 2.*
4	S	The Lord said, Write, and make it plain, that he may run that readeth it.—*Hab. 2, 2.*
5	S	Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.—*Ex. 20, 21.*
6	M	I laid me down and slept.—*Ps. 3, 5.*
7	TU	The sleep of a labouring man is sweet.—*Eccl. 5. 12.*
8	W	For so He giveth his beloved sleep.—*Ps. 127, 2.*
9	TH	Thou hast visited me in the night.—*Ps. 17, 3.*
10	F	Jacob awaked, and said, This is the gate of heaven.—*Gen. 28, 17.*
11	S	Jesus continued all night in prayer to God; and when it was day, He called His disciples, and chose twelve.—*Luke 6, 12.* "The phonograph records of a lad's character are lined in his face, and a man's days tell the secrets of his nights."—*G. H. Lorimer's Letters.*
12	S	Pay thy vows unto the Most High.—*Ps. 50, 14.*
13	M	How much owest thou?—*Luke 16, 5.*
14	TU	Sell the oil, pay thy debt, and live thou of the rest.—*2 Kings 4, 7.*
15	W	The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.—*Ps. 37, 21.* "Lent to a friend at Luxford at the Widow Newport's, never more to be seen! 1 shilling."—*Rev. Giles Moore's Diary, 1656-1679,* quoted in "Highways of Sussex."
16	TH	Every one that was in debt, and discontented.—*1 Sam. 22. 2.*
17	F	Owe no man anything, but to love one another.—*Rom. 13, 8.*
18	S	Christ forgave you.—*Col. 3, 13.*
19	S	Nay, but let the shadow return backward ten degrees.—*2 Kings 20, 10.*
20	M	Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.—*Song of Sol. 4, 6.*
21	TU	The return of the year.—*1 Kings 20, 22.* "I am always unhappy on the longest day. I fancy I discern Time's quick footsteps in the ticking of my watch."—*Dean Burgon's Diary, 1833.*
22	W	The wheel of nature.—*Jas. 3, 6 (R. V.)*
23	TH	The cherubim turned not as they went.—*Ezek. 10, 11.*
24	F	The Father of lights, with Whom can be no variation,
25	S	Neither shadow that is cast by turning.—*Jas. 1, 17 (R. V.)*
26	S	And after the fire a still small voice.—*1 Kings 19, 12.* (Literally, "a sound of gentle stillness.")
27	M	I will put My Spirit upon Him. He shall not cry aloud.—*Matt. 12, 18 (R. V.)*
28	TU	Never man so spake.—*John 7, 47 (R. V.)*
29	W	They read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly;—*Neh. 8, 8.*
30	TH	And they gave the sense, so that they understood the reading.—"Many kind friends have read books to me; I must place Lady Sarah Spencer at the head of the proficients in that difficult art; in distinctness of articulation, with low clear voice, she is supreme."—*Mr. Gladstone's Diary, near the end.*

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XVII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 7.

"There Go the Ships."

"But I didn't know that they had buttons on their sails!"

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The War in the East.

They stretch themselves upon their couches; and sing idle songs to the sound of the viol; and anoint themselves with the chief ointments; but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph.—Amos 6, 3-6 (Revised Version).

I KNEW a man who had, with other great gifts, this remarkable one, that he could tell where he had been and something he had done on any day of his life from his youth upward. His family—and they were none of them fools—and some others who could test his answers by means of diaries, etc., tried him on one occasion when I was present. "Where were you on the 1st February, 1871?" "That's an easy one," he said, "that was a Wednesday, the day I landed in Quebec."

"30th November, 1873?"

"I was in Edinburgh, and heard Dr. Cairns preach in the morning and Dr. Hood Wilson in the afternoon. Dr. Wilson's text was from Ruth, 'Entreat me not to leave thee.'"

"1st November, 1883?"

"A Thursday that was, and I was in Lucknow, and that day a year after I was on the Nile and halted that night near Assouan." And so on and so on, his answers to our delight and surprise proving correct in every particular.

Most of us remember only a few dates, and these as a rule, have to do with sorrows. One year is mentioned, and we say to ourselves, "That was the year I lent, and lost, my savings to a friend." Another is named, and we say, "That was the year my little sister died."

I have an old book written by Alexander Leighton, the father of Archbishop Leighton of Dunblane, called "An Appeal to Parliament, or Sion's Plea against the Prelacie." For writing it he was twice publicly whipped and put in the stocks in London, his ears cut off, his nose twice slit, and his cheeks branded with a red-hot iron S.S., that is, Sower of Sedition. The book was issued in Holland, but the only date on the title-page is given in these affecting words—"Printed the year and month wherein Rochelle was lost." La Rochelle was a French seaport, the stronghold of the Huguenots, and its fall in spite of the valour of its mayor Guiton after eight months siege, in October, 1628, was a personal grief to every lover of religion and liberty in Europe; the date there was no need to mention, for it was one that could not be forgotten.

The times we live in are great too, great for nations, and as great as they can be for countless men and women. At any moment we may hear of disasters by land and sea of appalling magnitude. It is not enough for you and me to read about these things, or to wonder what the end of them may be. We have a part to play in them. Pray night and morning, I beseech you,

and often through the day, that God by His Spirit for His Son's sake may do what only He can do for all those soldiers and sailors, between whom and the other world there is but a step.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

"Since I understood the meaning of my own Name, it hath been of some use to me: I pray that it may be so also to thee."—Walter Pringle of Greenknow, a Covenanter, writing to his child, 16th March, 1663.

(Continued from page 64.)

What is thy name? Lucy.

Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, who married Colonel John Hutchinson, in 1636 when she was eighteen, was the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, by his third wife Lucy, daughter of a Mr. St. John St. John, a Wiltshire gentleman. Miss St. John was only sixteen when she was married. She had, says her daughter, a "noble allowance" of £300 a year, besides money of her own, but "she spent it not in vanities, although she had what was rich and requisite upon occasions, but she laid most of it out in pious and charitable uses. Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin being prisoners in the Tower, and addicting themselves to chemistry, she suffered them to make their rare experiments at her cost, partly to comfort and divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines to help such poor people as were not able to seek to physicians. She was not only to these, but to all the other prisoners that came into the Tower, as a mother. If any were sick she made them broths and restoratives with her own hands, visited, and took care of them; if any were afflicted she comforted them, so that they felt not the inconvenience of a prison who were in that place."

Of her own childhood Mrs. Hutchinson says: "By that time I was four years old I read English perfectly, and having a great memory I was carried to sermons, and while I was very young could remember and repeat them exactly, and being caressed, the love of praise tickled me and made me attend more heedfully. When I was about seven years of age, I remember I had at one time eight tutors in several qualities, languages, music, dancing, writing, and needle-work, but my genius was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager of, that my mother, thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find, when my own were locked up from me. After dinner and supper I still had an hour allowed me to play, and then I would steal into some hole or other to read. My father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt that I outstript my brothers who were at school, although my father's chaplain that was my tutor was a pitiful dull fellow. As for music and dancing I

What is thy name? Lucy.

profited very little in them, and would never practise my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me, and for my needle I absolutely hated it; play among other children I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies (dolls) to pieces, and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when I entertained myself with older company. . . . . It pleased God that through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it."

Dr. Edward Hawkins, Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, from 1828 to 1882, allowed his little daughter, LUCY ANNE, a saintly child who died in 1846, to sit at the Lord's Table before she was nine years old. Whether he did wisely in that or not one cannot say, but I hope you boys and girls will all be sitting there, in remembrance of Christ, long, long before you are twice her age.

LADY LUCIE DUFF GORDON, 1821-1869, wife of Sir. Alex. Duff Gordon of Halkin, Ayr, was the daughter of John Austin, the jurist, and his accomplished wife, Sarah Taylor, and as a child had the privilege of listening often to the conversation of some of the cleverest men in England. Her parents were Unitarians, that is, they denied the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, but she broke away from their system of belief, and was baptized in His Name, in her seventeenth year, maintaining that in so doing she was obeying the Giver of the "commandment with promise," and honouring her parents more than she could have done by obeying them. When she had a house of her own she took in a black boy from charity one night, his master having turned him out of doors because he was going blind. "Hassan el Bakkeet" dearly loved his mistress. When he was only twelve, he got the offer of another place with more than double wages. Lady Gordon advised him to take it, but he fell on his knees and would not leave her, saying, "My wages with you are sweeter than the wages he offers." Here is another story. Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French, came unexpectedly to dinner one evening, whereupon said Hassan gravely, "Please, my lady, I ran out and bought two pennyworth of sprats for the Prince." Lady Gordon, owing to ill-health, spent the last years of her life in Egypt, where from her goodness and kindness she was known far and wide amongst the natives as "the great lady, who was just, and had a heart that loved the Arabs." She died suddenly at Cairo, and was buried in the English Cemetery there, though it had been her wish, had it been possible, to be buried "among my own people" at Thebes, where an Arab Sheikh had prepared a tomb for her among his own family.

LUCIE HADAMARD is the maiden name of the devoted and heroic wife of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, a Jewish officer in the French Artillery, whose wrongs have touched the heart of the civilised world. Nine years and a half ago he was accused of betraying military secrets to the enemies of France. He was found guilty by means of forged

What is thy name? Lucy.

documents, and publicly degraded. He was put in the centre of a square composed of several regiments, his sentence was read out, and then an Adjutant of the Guards tore the buttons from his coat, the stripes from his trousers, the marks of his rank from his cap and coat-sleeves, and broke his sword across his knee and flung the pieces to the ground. In the midst of his agony the poor man, still holding his head erect, cried out again and again, "I am innocent." He was then led round the square of scowling soldiers, handcuffed, and carried off to jail. In the spring of 1895 he was transported to a penal settlement in the West Indies, and for four years was treated there with a fiendish cruelty that reminds one of the Romish Inquisition. His wife's letters and his own were kept back or mutilated. She was told he had vowed never to write to her again, and he was told that she had abandoned him and married a second husband. But in spite of all they still trusted one another. He never forgot her parting command to him, "that he had no right to die till his innocence was established." "We have spent nearly five years of absolute happiness together," she said; "one day justice will be done, and we shall be happy again; the children will love you; we will make of your son a man like yourself; I could not choose a better example for him. We will force the world's respect by our attitude and courage."

How he was brought home, and tried again, and condemned again by a majority of his five judges, while the whole world looked on, and then was pardoned—these things have scarcely had time to be forgotten, nor is the matter ended even yet. What developments it may yet have no one can tell, but as long as history is read men will speak of Dreyfus and his brave wife, and the little company of valiant men, like the accomplished Protestant officer Colonel Picquard, who faced the mad rage of their countrymen and death itself for the sake of righteousness and truth.

Colonel John Hutchinson.

COLONEL HUTCHINSON, 1616-1664, one of the Commissioners who tried and condemned Charles I., is regarded by historians as the type of a godly Puritan gentleman. The *Memoirs of his Life*, written by his widow, ranks as one of the most charming biographies in our language. He was of a middle stature, she tells us with loving minuteness, "of a slender and exactly well-proportioned shape in all parts, his complexion fair, his hair of light brown, very thick set in his youth, softer than the finest silk, curling into loose great rings at the ends; his eyes of a lively grey, well-shaped and full of life and vigour, graced with many becoming motions; his visage thin, his mouth well made, and his lips very ruddy and graceful, although the nether chap shut over the upper, yet it was in such a manner as was not unbecoming, his teeth were even and white as the purest ivory," (mark that, all you boys!) "his chin was something long, his forehead not very high, his nose raised and sharp, but withal he had a most amiable countenance.

Col. Hutchinson.

His skin was smooth and white; his feet excellently well made; he was quick in his pace and turns, nimble and active and graceful in all his motions; he was apt for any bodily exercise, and any that he did became him; he could dance admirably well but neither in youth nor riper years made any practice of it; he had skill in fencing such as became a gentleman; he had a great love to music, and often diverted himself with a viol on which he played masterly; he shot excellently in bows and guns, he had great judgment in paintings, graving, sculpture, and all liberal arts, and had many curiosities of value in all kinds; he took great delight in perspective glasses (telescopes), and for his other rarities was not so much affected with the

antiquity as the merit of the work. He took much pleasure in improvement of grounds, in planting groves and walks and fruit-trees, in opening springs and making fish-ponds; he was wonderful neat, cleanly, and genteel in his habit (dress), and had a very good fancy in it, but he left off very early the wearing of anything that was costly, yet in his plainest negligent habit appeared very much a gentleman. He had more address than force of body, yet the courage of his soul so supplied his members that he never wanted strength when he found occasion to employ it. He was eager in everything he did. Everything that it was necessary for him to do he did with delight. He was very patient under sickness or pain or any common accidents, but yet upon occasions, though never without just ones, he would be very angry, and had even in that such a grace as made him to be feared. He never was at any time idle, and hated to see anyone else so. He had rather a firm impression than a great memory, yet he was forgetful of nothing but injuries. He had a native majesty that struck an awe of him into the hearts of men, and a sweet greatness that commanded love."

As to his treatment of herself she says: "He loved his wife's soul and her honour more than her outside, and yet he had even for her person a constant indulgence exceeding the common temporary passions of the most uxorious fools; if he esteemed her at a higher rate than she in herself could have deserved, he was the author of that virtue he doted on, while she only reflected his own glories upon him. All that she was was *him* while he was here, and all that she is now, but his pale shade. He hated the mention of severed purses; he never would receive an account of anything she expended. So constant was he in his love that when she ceased to be young and lovely he began to show most fondness. He loved her at such a kind and generous rate as words cannot express; yet even this, which was the highest love he or any man could have, was yet bounded by a superior; he loved her in the Lord, and loved God above her and all the other dear pledges of his heart, and at His command and for His glory cheerfully resigned them."

It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.—Lam. 3, 27.

THE late Sir James Paget, Bart., the distinguished surgeon, says in one of his letters, that in the early years of his career he had to work so hard, and wait so long for a return, that nothing in after life could seem laborious, and that which some called the monotony of practice often seemed to him full of variety.

These words remind me of the experience of Mr. John Auchincloss, a great Fifeshire gardener in his day, and a rearer of great gardeners. Nine of his apprentices became head gardeners to English noblemen.

Mr. Auchincloss himself had no need to do any delving in those days, but all the same he loved to delve a bit now and again, as he said, for rest and amusement. And he could delve! and of course he knew it, and he knew that we knew he knew it, and though he would smile when we villagers asked him just to let us see the way to do it, and would say, "Ah! you are trying to poke fun at an old man," he would consent. Then we stood and wondered. He delved deep and straight down, and so could we; and he turned the earth completely over, and so could we in a way. But then he broke up the soil and made it so light and porous that it looked somehow like whipped cream or a French cook's pastry, and he left it so neat and clean that we saw how beautiful a thing earth is, and we envied the plants that had their beds made in it.

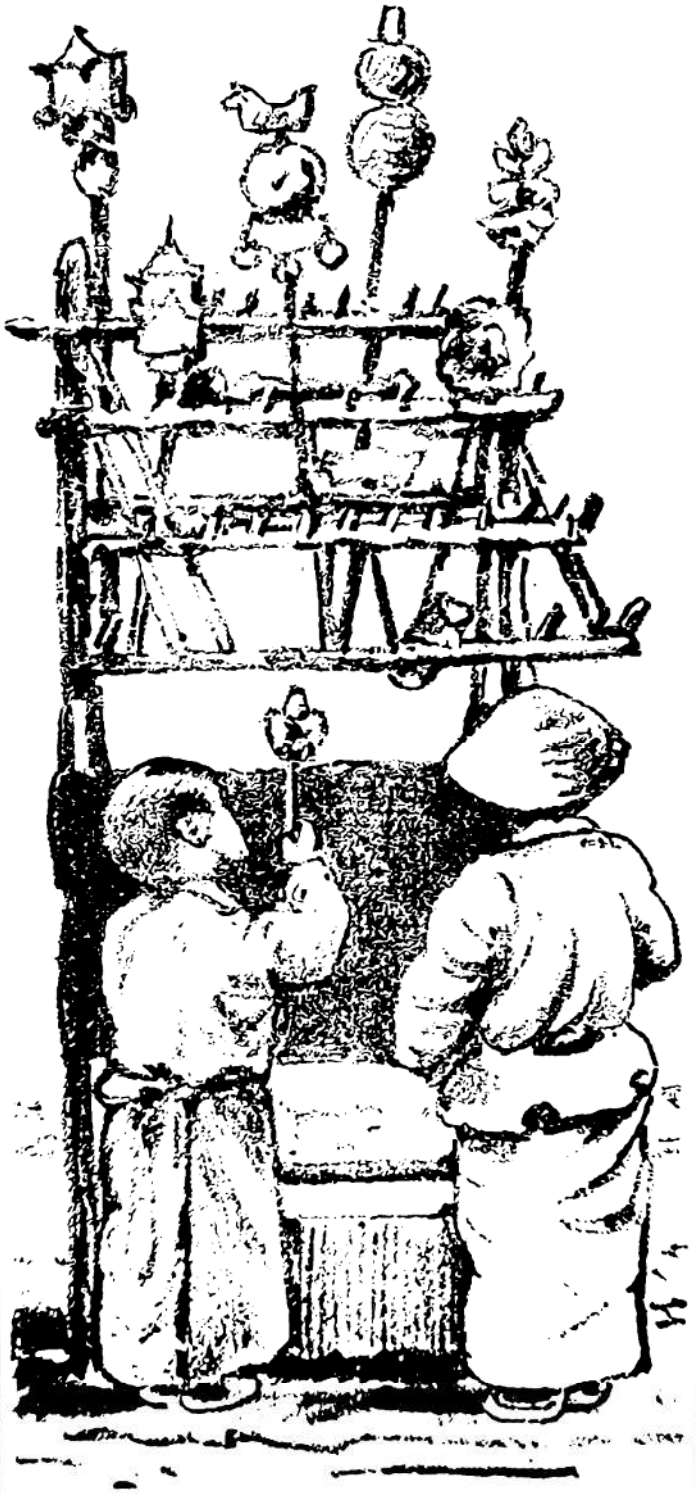
"You see," he said to us one night, "I *love* delving, and that's the whole secret. And this is how I love it. I was only eleven when my father died, and there were other six of us. My eldest sister and I were determined to support our mother and keep the house. She went out to be a servant—she was a little over twelve—and I was taken on in the garden at Dunvey Castle. After a few days I got some rough delving to do, and the first hour I thought I made great progress. By the end of the third day my back was like to break, and I seemed to have done so little that I expected to get the sack. Then I was put on to a worse job, I can tell you. There was a bit of ground outside the garden wall that they wanted taken in. There must have been a road or building of some kind or other there at one time, but such digging I hope none of you will ever have to do. I had no pick and was only allowed an old spade. I was three weeks at that, and I thought every bone in my body was broken or jerked out of its place, and how often my wrist was 'staved' I can't tell you. I used to cry at nights after I got into my bed, but I was too proud to say anything during the day, and stuck in for my mother's sake. At the end of three weeks old Mr. Martin said, 'You have done well, Johnnie; I have put you to a pretty sore test, and you are a plucky little fellow. You don't need to do any more at that, but let me tell you this—*You'll never have harder work all your life than you have had these three weeks, and all other work that you get to do will seem easy after this.*'

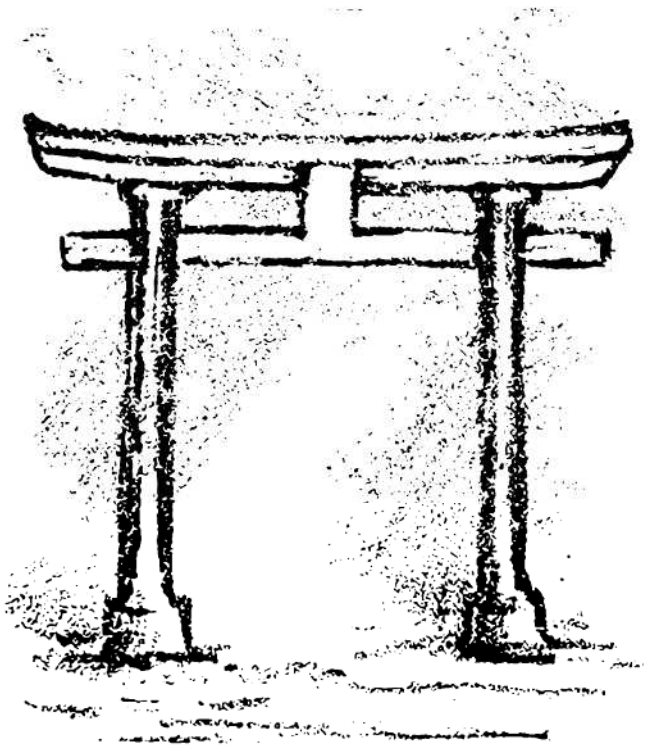
"And that's the way, boys, I like ordinary delving," Mr. Auchincloss concluded; "whatever else I have had to do in gardening has just as it were been like child's play, or getting a rest, after that month's misery, and I often thank God that He gave me a master who showed me that it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth."

Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.—Prov. 4, 7.

(These words are the Motto in the Tea Room of the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons.)

ONE day more than twenty years ago, I was buying some little trifle in a village in Japan. After I was done, the owner of the shop, who knew no English—as I knew no Japanese—took a piece of paper and wrote down our numerals, 0123456789. Then he began to pronounce them, pointing to each as he did so. He began with the 0 which he called *one*, the 1 he called *two*, and so on, till he came to the 9 which floored him. By some curious mistake a certain issue of Japanese Government notes for small sums had a 0 on them when there should have been a 1, and that was the cause of his confusion. That there should be a symbol to denote *nothing*, that *any* thing should represent *no* thing, is certainly very wonderful, and some scholar has said that the invention of the symbol 0 is one of the greatest achievements of the human mind. Be that as it may, the man's face brightened when I tried to explain his mistake. He wrote the figures again, and asked me to pronounce them, he meantime writing down the sound in Japanese letters. He read them out several times till he could say them perfectly, and then with many smiles presented





me with a little rice bowl, and insisted on accompanying me till we came to the Torii, or upright posts, that marked the village boundary. Then he thanked me once more till I was ashamed, and so we parted, never to meet again, though, on the suggestion of a companion, I sent him a little book a few days after, copying his address from the sheet of paper in which he had daintly wrapped the little bowl.

And the weight of the nails was fifty shekels of gold.—2 Chron. 3, 9.

Grace hath been shewed from the Lord our God to give us a nail in His holy place. —Ezra 9, 8.

And I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place; and he shall be for a throne of glory to his father's house. And they shall hang upon him all the glory of his father's house, the offspring and the issue, every small vessel, from the vessels of cups even to all the vessels of flagons.—Is. 22, 23 (R.V.)

MR. WILLIAM CANTON, in his *Story of the Bible Society*, gives the translation of a letter which the Rev. W. Swan received seventy years ago, from a convert amongst the Buriats in Eastern Siberia.

"These were the words of Shagdur, the son of Kemuah. It pleased God to give me a little son, and it has now pleased Him to take the child from me. Every day I think that one member of my body has been taken to heaven, and this thought is like a sweet savour in my breast. Now when my little boy was born, the neighbours came in, bearing gifts. Some gave one copeck (the tenth of a penny), some two, in all forty copecks. When the child died I did not know what to do with this money, but at length a thought came to me which gave joy to my heart, and about this I write these few lines.

"Among the many words in the New Testament the Saviour's Name, Tonilgakshi, is often repeated, and although forty copecks may not be able to put more than the dot over the i's in that word, I beg that the child's money may be used for that purpose. I wish this to be a little memorial of my boy, for the benefit of my dear friends who are yet without Christ."

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

The Boy that wears a lot of Medals on his Chain.

NO; that boy is not the son of a Duke. If he were, and had sense, he would either wear no ornaments at all or ornaments of another sort. He is the only

son of a widow, and she, to borrow Mark Twain's jest, has to support him.

Nor did he get these medals in the Boer war, or for saving people from drowning, or for being dux at school. The man that gets medals that way doesn't remember where he put them or when he last saw them.

How did he get them, then? One of them is the badge of his football club, for which, however, he has never been asked to play. A second he got from a cousin who was first in the "consolation" race in some village sports. The third was a present from his uncle, who received it as the fourth prize for a bantam he exhibited at a Cattle Show, and if anybody should wear it, by rights it should be the bantam.

He has one or two more, equally ridiculous, whose history I need hardly trouble you with. But, all the same, he is very proud of them, and is greatly envied and admired —by the people who envy and admire that kind of thing.

F 1 Death and life are in the power of the tongue.—*Prov. 18, 21.*
S 2 A fool uttereth all his mind.—*Prov. 29, 11.* "I have not said too much, have I?" said the Duke of Wellington once to Lord Aberdeen after speaking in the House of Lords. "You'll hear of it," was the answer. "You've announced the fall of your government, that's all," said another.—*Morley's Life of Gladstone.*

S 3 What hast thou that thou didst not receive?—*1 Cor. 4, 7.*
M 4 Why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?
Tu 5 Knowledge puffeth up.—*1 Cor. 8, 2.*
W 6 Thou knowest not that thou art poor and blind and naked.—*Rev. 3, 17.*
Th 7 Buy wisdom.—*Prov. 23, 23.* Sir H. Savile, Provost of Eton, 1549-1622, when a boy was recommended to him for a "good wit," that is a "born genius" said, "Out upon him! I'll have nothing to do with him. Give me the plodding student. If I would look for wits, I would go to Newgate; *there* be the wits!"
F 8 Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister.
S 9 And call understanding thy kinswoman.—*Prov. 7, 4.*

S 10 Ye sorrowed to repentance. "An officer, arriving late on parade for about the nineteenth time, riding up to the Colonel with his usual formula, 'Very sorry, sir, I'm late,' was greeted with the remark, 'It's an extraordinary thing, Captain G., that you are alway sorry, and you are always late.'"—*Sir Montagu Gerard's Diary.*
M 11 The sorrow of the world worketh death.—*2 Cor. 7, 9.*
Tu 12 Reuben, unstable as water.—*Gen. 49, 4.*
W 13 Yet hath he not root, but dureth for a while.—*Matt. 13, 21.*
Th 14 A fool returneth to his folly.—*Prov. 26, 11.*
F 15 Your goodness is as the dew that goeth early away.—*Hos. 6, 4. R. V.*
S 16 They were turned aside like a deceitful bow.—*Ps. 78, 57.*

S 17 They found the child Jesus in the temple,
M 18 Both hearing the doctors and asking them questions.—*Luke 2, 46.*
Tu 19 When thy son asketh thee, what mean the testimonies, and the statutes?
W 20 Thou shalt say, we were Pharaoh's bondmen in Egypt.—*Deut. 6. 20.*
Th 21 Showing to the generation to come the strength of the Lord.—*Ps. 78, 4.*
F 22 Talk of these My words when thou sittest in thine house.—
S 23 And when thou walkest by the way.—*Deut. 6, 7.* Lady Duff Gordon when a child, hearing a playmate rebuked for asking questions, said, "*My* mamma never says, 'I don't know,' or 'Don't ask questions.'"

S 24 The prophecy that King Lemuel's mother taught him.—*Prov. 31, 1.*
M 25 The faith which dwelt in thy grandmother and thy mother.—*2 Tim. 1, 5.*
Tu 26 Ahaziah did evil, and walked in the way of his mother.—*1 Kings 22, 52.*
W 27 Thou art thy mother's daughter.—*Ezek. 16, 45.* "When you have seen the mother at the tank-side, there is no need to see the child at home."—*Tamil Proverb.*
Th 28 She being put forward by her mother.—*Matt. 14, 8 (R. V.)* "If the mother leaps seven feet, the daughter will leap eight."—*ditto.*
F 29 His mother said, Upon me be thy curse, my son.—*Gen. 27, 13.*
S 30 He that loveth mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.—*Matt. 10, 37.*

S 31 Ye must be born anew.—*John 3, 7 (R. V.)*

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The Morning Watch.

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"Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities; all is vanity!"

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"Sharpen Up."

"OUR son is idle again, you will see," said a man to me the other day. "We thought he was in for a long spell of work, but last Saturday forenoon at eleven the foreman comes to him, and says he, 'You had better sharpen up, Alec.'"

"Sharpen up," or some like words, is the phrase used in some joiners' shops for dismissal. It means that after one o'clock that day a workman will not be needed until further notice. The two hours are given him that he may leave his tools, his axe, his planes, his saws, his chisels, and whatever else he has, in good order. Every wise and careful workman does that. When a gardener is done delving, he cleans his spade. You never saw a well-doing woman put past an unwashed cup or saucer. A well-brought-up child never leaves its "things" lying hither and thither. People said about the great Napoleon, that you had only to look at his bedroom to see he wasn't born a king. Whatever has been of use to us in anything, whatever has shared our life with us, or helped us in our enterprises, be it a beast or a body, an article of clothing or of furniture, a weapon, a toy, or a tool, is entitled to a kindly, honourable, and reverent dismissal. Do you know the epitaph on the grave of the Iron Duke's horse?

HERE LIES
COPENHAGEN
THE CHARGER RIDDEN BY
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
THE ENTIRE DAY AT THE
BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
Born 1808. Died 1836.

God's humble instrument, though meaner clay,
Should share the glory of that glorious day.

But "Sharpen Up" has a note of *hope* in it. It means not only that you are done with your tools, but that you are only done with them *in the meantime*. Don't lose heart! You will need them again. You may need them at any moment.

During our great war with France, Mr. Yorke, the head of the Admiralty Office, sent for Captain Philip Durham one day, and said, "The French fleet has escaped from L'Orient. We have five sail of the line and two frigates at St. Helens, and we want an Admiral. Will you go?"

"Yes."

"But how soon?"

"Out of this room, Sir!"

"If you do, it will be more than has been done yet. We have no difficulty in finding flag-officers, but they have always so many wants before they can sail."

So Durham set off for Portsmouth, the story goes, embarked at the famous Sally Port for St Helens at daylight, hoisted his flag on the *Venerable*, and ordered the squadron to get under weigh immediately, to their great astonishment. They appeared to be in no hurry, and

after some delay the *Plantagenet* made signal, "Cannot purchase anchor."

Then came the answer from the *Venerable*, "Cut your cable," and next moment out flew the signal to the whole fleet, "Enemy at sea." And these words, concludes the historian, acted like a talisman. No more excuses! Capstans flew round like lightning! The ships were under weigh in half-an-hour!

We are not surprised that the Mediterranean fleet prizes a few years ago were all won by the ship whose Captain had taught his men to live up to this rhyme:—

Undaunteds, Be ready!
Undaunteds, Be steady!
UNDAUNTEDS, STAND BY FOR A JOB!

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

"*The word that is the Symbol of Myself.*"—*Tennyson.*

(Continued from page 89.)

What is thy name?

Lucy.

I ought to have told you last month that the name LUCY comes from *lux*, the Latin word for *light*. Every Lucy, therefore, ought to be bright and holy and cheery, like the day-dawn or the morning star. Charles Lamb once wrote some verses in the Album of LUCY BARTON, daughter of a Quaker poet Bernard Barton, in which he prays that in her life as in her Album there may be "no blot or disproportioned scrawl," nothing sinful or rude, nothing vexing or untidy. Here are the first and last verses:

Little Book, surnamed of *white*,
Clean as yet, and fair to sight,
Keep thy attribution right.

Whitest thoughts in whitest dress,
Candid meanings, best express
Mind of quiet Quakeress.

Miss Barton was married long afterwards, not very happily, to the well-known critic Edward Fitzgerald. He it was who, when asked why he named his yacht the *Scandal*, replied that it was because nothing that he knew of in his neighbourhood travelled so fast!

Lydia.

In 1881 *Punch* contained one of the most tragic jests that have ever been made. It was to this effect: "Britain's Messenger to the Heathen in 1781, HENRY MARTYN; in 1881, MARTINI-HENRY." The latter was the name of the rifle then newly issued to our troops. The former was the brilliant Cambridge student—he was Senior Wrangler and Smith's prizeman, and what that means I hope some of you will know some day—who, after becoming fellow of his College, resolved to go as missionary to India. Few young men have been called on to give up as much for Christ as he, but his biggest sacrifice was his abandonment of his prospects of marriage with a MISS LYDIA GRENFELL, a young lady to whom his heart had gone out in love.

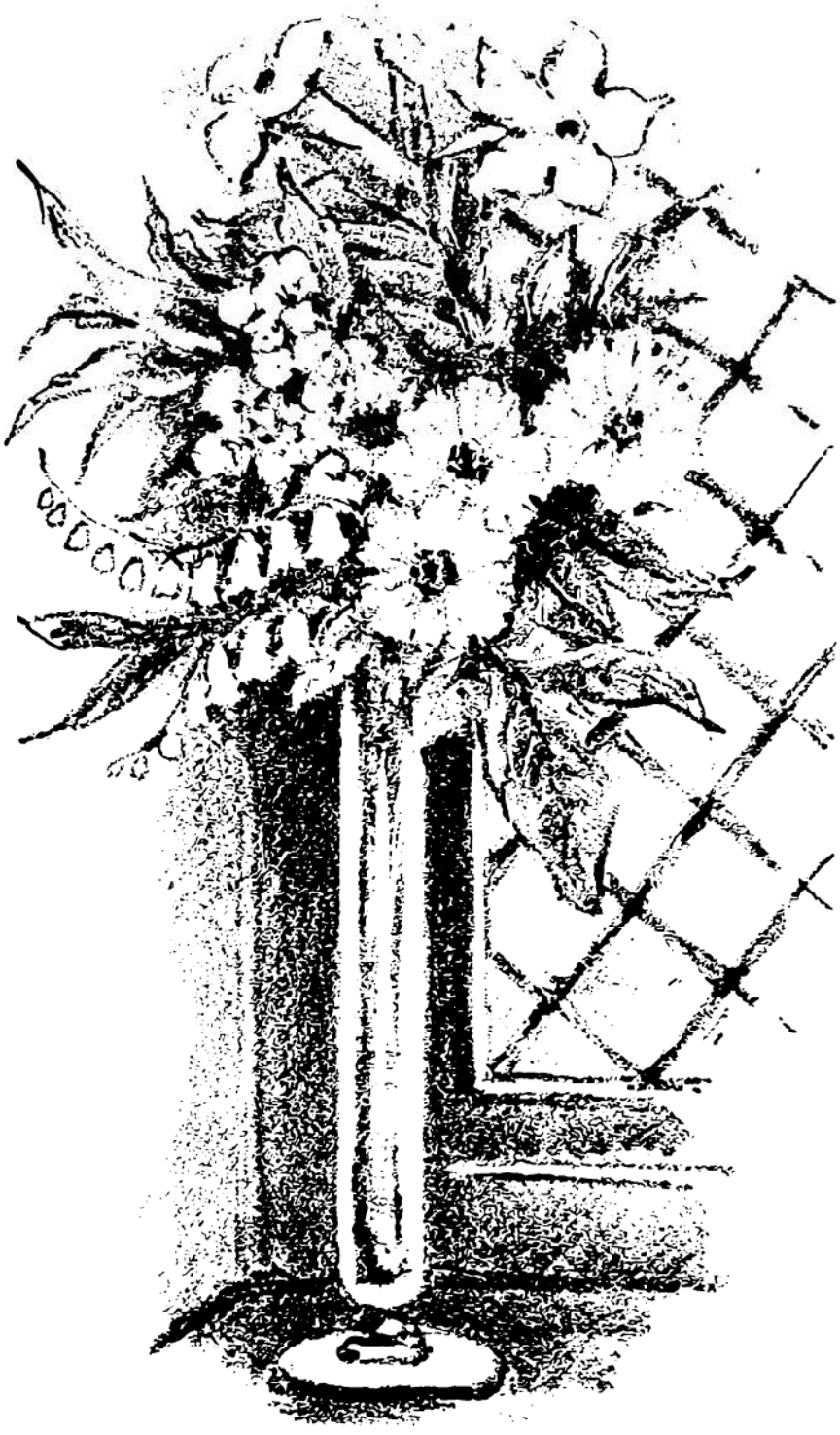
What is thy name? Lydia.

He saw her for the last time on August 10th, 1805. The ship in which he was to sail, the *Union*, was unexpectedly detained in Falmouth Roads. Hoping to have some few days more of Miss Grenfell's company—his interviews with her heretofore had been both few and short, and much interrupted besides—he made his way to her mother's house, a journey of many hours. Next morning at family worship he read the tenth Psalm, and Miss Grenfell had just handed to him the 10th of Genesis, the chapter which came in usual course, and one which tells how the isles of the Gentiles and the kingdoms of the nations were divided after the flood, when word came that his ship had fired its gun some hours before and he must make instant haste to join it. That evening he wrote these words —"I bid you a long farewell. God ever bless you and help you sometimes to intercede for me."

How he laboured in India till his health gave way you will read some day for yourselves. As he was setting out from Cawnpore for home we find this entry in his *Journal:* "23rd Sept., 1811.—Was walking with Lydia; both much affected; and speaking on things dearest to us both. I awoke, and, behold, it was a dream! My mind remained very solemn and pensive. I shed tears. The clock struck three, and the moon was riding near her highest noon; all was silence and solemnity, and I thought with pain of the sixteen thousand miles between us. But good is the will of the Lord! even if I see her no more." Instead of voyaging by the Cape as he at first intended, he set out by the overland route, meaning to revise his Persian translation of the New Testament on the way. But his "dearest Lydia" was ever in his thoughts. "My affection for you," he writes, "has something sacred in it, being founded on, or at least cemented by, an union of spirit in the Lord Jesus." His last letter to her was dated "Aug. 28, 1812.—Soon we shall have occasion for pen and ink no more; but I trust I shall shortly see thee face to face." He died of fever at Tokat on his way to Constantinople, on the 16th of October.

LYDIA FRANCIS, afterwards MRS. CHILD, 1802-1880, authoress of an "Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans," and Co-Editor with her husband of the New York *Anti-slavery Standard*, was one of the most effective fighters in the great crusade for the Freeing of the Slave. Mr Lowell, writing in 1842 to a young lady newly engaged to one of his friends, advised her to visit Mrs. Child. "Visiting persons like her will keep your head balanced, when it is in danger from the fashion and frivolity of which you must necessarily see so much." The poet Whittier, who regarded her friendship as one of God's great blessings to him, once asked her, when she was speaking of the number of people who called on authors needlessly, how she managed to get time to do anything. "I live away from the railroad," she replied, "and I keep a bull-dog and a pitchfork!" Then she added, "And what do you do?" "Oh!" he said, "I take my visitors out for a walk and try to *lose* them in the streets. It is hard work sometimes. But I can never lose a *her*; the women are more pertinacious than the men."

The Rose that had its Face to the Wall.



WHEN the little vase was put in its place in the church corridor on the Saturday evening, the flowers were surprised, like their predecessors every week, to find that one of the prettiest of them, a lovely crimson rose, was on the side next the wall where no one would see it.

"I suspect," said one of them, "that the ladies arranged us so simply because they are in the habit of doing it. A flower glass is usually put in the middle of a table, and every side of it is seen by somebody."

"Yes," said another, "but this corner isn't the middle of a table, and surely they might have seen that?"

"Ah! but you don't know what slaves to custom human beings are," said the first. "We flowers alter our ways of doing things as God in His providence directs us. We go this way, or that way, over the wall, or round the corner; we follow the sun and obey the wind and are always willing to learn. That is why flowers grow more beautiful every year! But can we do nothing for this poor Rose?"

Two or three times next morning when the sun beckoned to them, the flowers strove hard to go sideways and so bring the Rose to the front. But you see they had no root and were already dying, and they couldn't do it.

"There's one thing, Rose, that you should keep in mind," said one of them as the people began to

come into the church; "people can't see you, but they'll smell you and that should cheer you."

"But," said the Rose, "if I had been in the front, some of you would have been where I am, at the back, and I am pleased that everybody will see you. I am glad, too, now, though I was a little disheartened at first at being here, for it has shown me how good and unselfish you all are. You are all even better than you are bonnie! And yet I would have liked to be seen and loved and remembered. But it was not to be. I shall be cast out to-morrow and be forgotten for ever."

. . . . . .

The last person to leave the church that day was little Johnnie Allandale, and in trying to smell the flowers he upset the little glass! One can suffer much in the fraction of a moment, and poor Johnnie had a vision of sorrow as he saw the glass falling. It meant a thrashing for one thing, for that was the penalty of a breakage in the family; it meant also that his mother would have to buy another to replace it. But to his great astonishment and joy, the glass brake not! The unseen Rose had acted as a cushion.

When the vase was righted, and the flowers had had a moment to think, one of them said, "I do believe, Rose, you have done more good to-day than all of us put together. You should have seen how pale that little fellow's face became when he upset us, and what a look of relief he gave when he saw no harm had been done. And what is more, I am pretty sure it was your weight that kept the glass balanced all day!"

We learn most things only after many tellings, but all of us, I fancy, have learnt some thing or other after only one telling, and so it was with Johnnie Allandale that day. Ever after, as long as he lived, he had a horror of top-heavy things. "I learned when I was very young," he used to say, "that if one is to carry sail, he must carry ballast too!"

Behold, his bedstead.—Deut. 3, 11.

A FEW nights ago some lads were talking of their adventures during their late holidays.

"What think you of this?" said one of them. "On the walls of the bedroom I occupied one week, there were drawings and sketches in Indian ink and in red and black chalk by Andrea del Sarto, Guercino, Nicolas Poussin, and Rembrandt, originals mark you, not copies. The bed itself was a curiosity. It had a wooden canopy that reached from end to end, not forty inches above my head, and on a panel over my pillow was the date 1631."

"That's pretty good," said another, "but one morning when I awoke early I read an old book printed in 1628, and the title page wasn't ten inches from my nose."

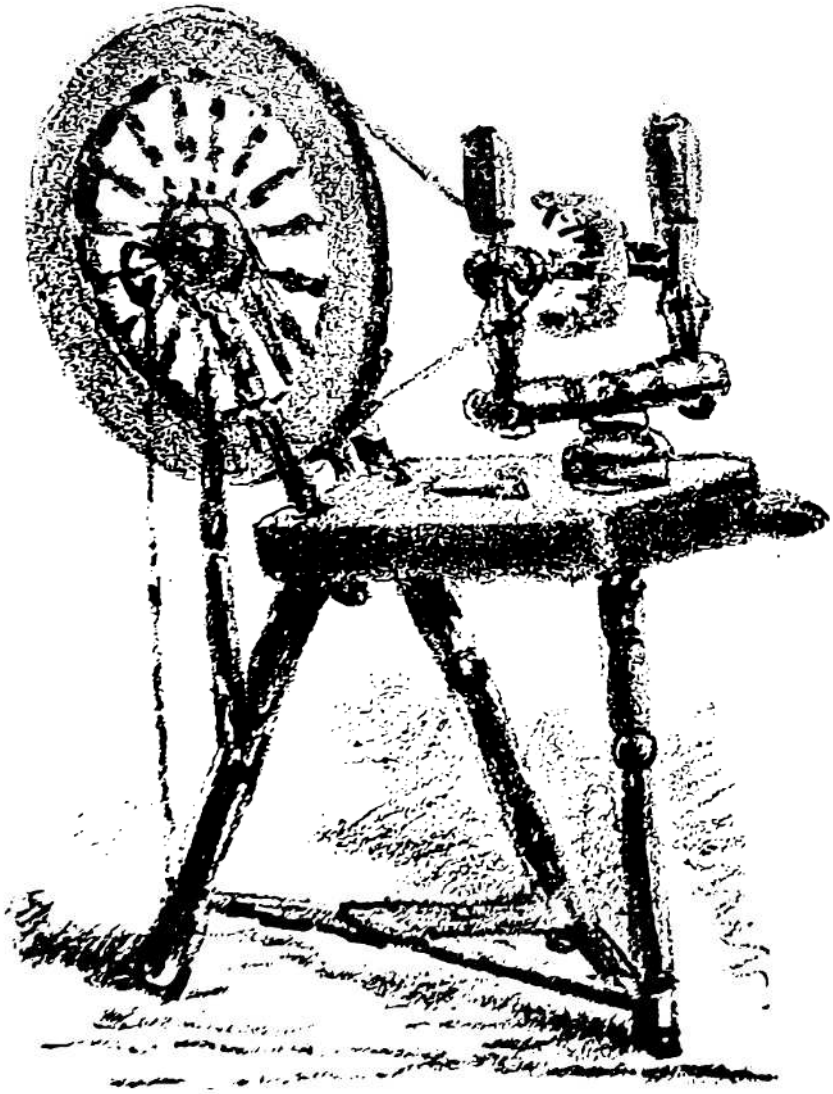
"But I slept in the open air one night," said a third, "and the nearest thing straight over me was one of the fixed stars, and the man doesn't live that knows how far off that is."

"When I was a child," said a

fourth, "and afraid to be left alone, my mother used to say there were Angels in my room all night, and I hope they still come there, and they are at least six thousand years old, and they come nearer than even ten inches!"

"Well," said a fifth, "I can't say any of my own adventures or experiences were one whit more wonderful than yours, but I saw an old woman in the Infirmary who was very ill, and she told me that the nurses and everybody else were very good to her, 'and what's more,' she added, 'I feel that the Almighty Himself is close by me night and day, covering me with His feathers, and I never weary, for I have lots to think about, and my mind goes away back, back, ever so far back, whiles clean out of time altogether! It seems a daring thing for a poor body like me to say, but I sometimes think I have some idea of what the Apostle John meant when he said his fellowship was with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.' What's 1631 and Andrea del Sarto and all the rest of them compared with that?"

"You may well ask," said Number One. "The old woman had the best of it, but there's one blessing; we can all have a bedstead like hers this very night."

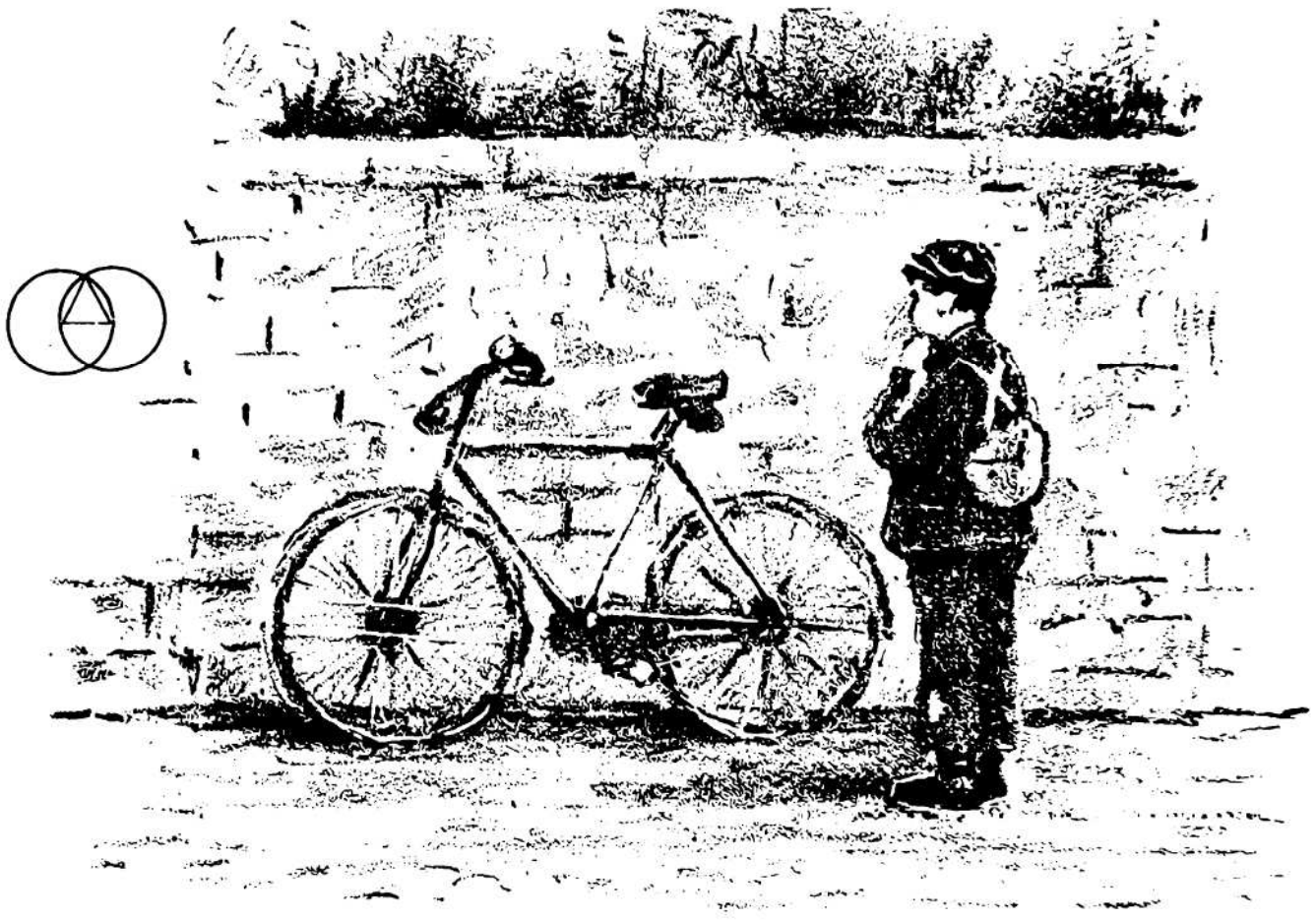


All the World's A-Wheel!

The Whirling Wheels.
—Ezek. 10, 13. R.V.

OLD Captain Freeman was sitting in his garden with *Tennyson's Life* on his knee, and was thinking of a saying of the poet's that had greatly taken his fancy—"The greatest inventor, it seems to me, must have been the inventor of a wheel."

Presently the big wheel in the belfry close by began to move. The bell, as was the wont in the village, was going to be tolled for a funeral.



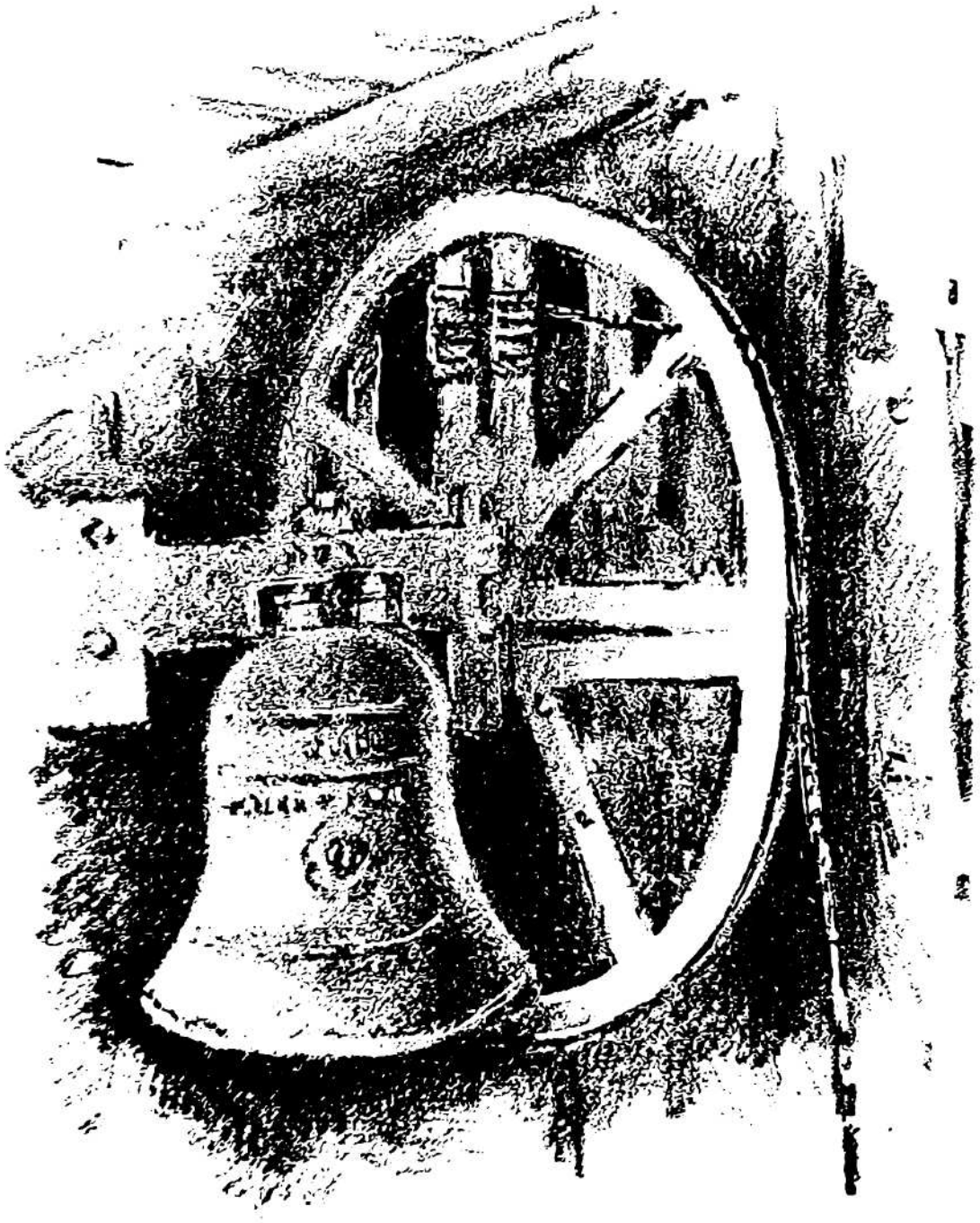
"I seem," said the old man to himself, "to have been tied to a wheel of some kind or other, like some of the old worthies, all my days.

"The very first thing I remember was my old grandmother's spinning-wheel. I have some of the napery yet that she made. They don't make such good stuff nowadays. I still have my old cradle, too. I wasn't six feet three then! And what are a cradle's rockers but segments of a wheel? We have our little ups and downs even when we are babies; the great heights and depths, the full rounds of joy and sorrow, come when we are men.

"Then there were the hoops we boys used to trundle and run races with. Next came the great day when I began the study I have loved best. I never see a bicycle without thinking of my first view of the first proposition of Euclid. Indeed, a bicycle is just mathematics applied, though the people that ride them don't think of that.

"When I was thirteen, I became a man, and went to sea, and it's only a sailor that knows the joy and sorrow that a wheel can bring. If I were to go to sea again, I think I would paint a text on my ship's

wheel, such a one, perhaps, as I once saw painted in front of the poop on a barque at Singapore—'The sea is His, and He made it.' But I'll never be on board a ship again. My next voyage will be, please God, my longest. It will be when the Angels carry my soul to Abraham's bosom. It will be my quickest, too! And that reminds me that surely Ezekiel or Isaiah says something about the Angels being like wheels—wheels within wheels, and turning not as they go. I wonder where that is. I must look up and see."



The Maiden's Well.

Wherefore the well was called Beer-lahai-roi, that is, The well of the Living One who seeth me.—Gen. 16, 14.

Jesus said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and Who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water.

The woman saith unto Him, Sir, give me this water.—John 4, 10.

TWELVE MILES north-east of Stirling, and close by the town of Dollar, stands Castle Campbell, a noble ruin, whose greatest glory lies in this, that it was a place of shelter for John Knox in 1556. Long, long before that, however, it was for a time the prison of a daughter of one of the Scottish Kings. She called it Castle *Gloom*, while to the little streams that run on either side of it she gave the names *Sorrow* and *Care*, and *Doillier* or *Dolour* was the burn into which they ran.

A few days ago I was one of a little party that set out from the village of Tormaukin to go to the Castle by way of Glenqueich. After walking a mile or two we asked some girls whom we met how far we had still to go. After telling us, one of them proceeded to give us minute directions as to the way. There was this to cross, and that to pass, "and then you come to *The Maiden's Well*, and the water in it is so cold and refreshing; you'll enjoy a drink of it on a day like this." There were more landmarks to be noted, and then, as she turned to go away, addressing the young ladies of our company as if she felt it were not fair to keep anything back from them, she added, with a certain winning archness of manner, pronouncing the words very sweetly and solemnly, "and when you are at The Maiden's Well *you wish a wish.*"

For some time previously we had been discussing, with I hope less than the usual ignorance of amateurs, the engineering difficulties of a reservoir they purpose making in that neighbourhood to supply the New Naval Base on the Forth with water. Whether it was that that took up our minds or not I cannot say, but somehow we missed the Maiden's Well. It was too late to turn back when we found out our mistake, and one or two of the young ladies seemed a little disappointed. But an old gentleman who was with us spoke very wisely, and comfortingly, and preached a little sermon to this effect—"My dear girls, you don't need to go back to the Maiden's Well to wish a wish. You can wish a wish anywhere and everywhere, at any time and at every time, and if you wish it in the Name of Christ and for His sake, then 'Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant each one of you thy petition that thou hast asked of Him,' and if He see meet to withhold it, then He will do exceeding abundantly *above* what you ask or think, and that may well content you. There are many mansions in the way that lies before you, but there is none of them, I hope, called Gloom, and all the rivers that you shall meet are rivers that make glad."

Reasons for not going to Church. 6th Series—No. 6.

Seven of these children, whom their Parents are taking with them on a four hours' journey, are travelling without tickets, contrary to law. Yet their Parents say they don't like to take them to church, they are so proud-spirited, because they are not able to pay seat-rents for them, though the Minister and Elders have told them often that the Deacons passed a resolution unanimously three years ago, "that the children of the congregation are all to sit rent free." "Besides," the Parents add, "it's cruel to shut children up in a stuffy church for one hour and a-half on a summer day."

1	M	I have meat to eat that ye know not of.—*John 4, 32.*
2	Tu	My meat is to do the will of Him That sent Me.
3	W	I have esteemed His words more than my necessary food.—*Job 23, 16.*
4	Th	How sweet are Thy words unto my taste.—*Ps. 119, 103.*
5	F	Be not among gluttonous eaters of flesh.—*Prov. 23, 20 (R. V.)*
6	S	Buy wisdom.—*v. 23.* "On certain days when no dinner was being made at home, I got a penny to supply myself. By taking a walk in the dinner-hour, generally in Queen Street where I could see pictures, I saved my penny and was able to buy colours."—*Autobiography of "Crimean" Simpson, the "Illustrated London News" Artist.*
7	S	As Paul discoursed yet longer, Eutychus borne down by his sleep.—*Acts 20, 9 (R. V.)*
8	M	What meanest thou, O sleeper?—*Jonah 1, 6.* "Sleep is also an opinion"—a French saying quoted by Bismarck when he heard that M. Thiers fell asleep the moment Lord Granville began to reply to him.
9	Tu	Delilah made Samson sleep upon her knees.—*Judges 16, 19.*
10	W	The boat was covered with the waves: but He was asleep.—*Matt. 8, 24.*
11	Th	He found the disciples sleeping for sorrow.—*Luke 22, 46.*
12	F	Peter was asleep between two soldiers, bound with two chains.—*Acts 12, 6.*
13	S	Stephen fell asleep.—*Acts 7, 60.* *Cemetery* is literally, a *sleeping-room.*
14	S	Thou tellest my wanderings.—*Ps. 56, 8.*
15	M	I know where thou dwellest.—*Rev. 2, 13.* "A villager who gave me a glass of water, seeing me spread my map on her garden wall to consult it, said, "You don't mean to say a little place like West Burton is marked on a map?"—*Sussex Highways.*
16	Tu	Huldah dwelt in Jerusalem in the second quarter.—*2 Kings 22, 14 (R. V.)*
17	W	The street Straight. Inquire at the house of Judas for Saul.—*Acts 9, 11.*
18	Th	They found a colt tied at the door without in the open street.—*Mark 11, 4 (R. V.)*
19	F	Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands;
20	S	Thy walls are continually before Me.—*Is. 49, 16.*
21	S	Joseph went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus,
22	M	And Pilate gave the body to Joseph.—*Mark 15, 43.* "It is one of the great advantages of those who stand up for Christ that they have the consciences even of their adversaries on their side."—*Dr. Stalker.*
23	Tu	Phichol spake unto Abraham, saying, God is with thee.—*Gen. 21, 22.*
24	W	Laban said, God spake unto me yesternight, Take thou heed.—*Gen. 31, 29.*
25	Th	Saul said to David, Thou shalt surely prevail —*1 Sam. 26, 25.*
26	F	And as Paul reasoned of righteousness, Felix trembled.—*Acts 24, 25.*
27	S	Believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.—*Acts 26, 27.*
28	S	How long halt ye between two opinions?—*1 Kings 18, 21.*
29	M	The Lord's table. The table of devils.—*1 Cor. 10, 21.*
30	Tu	On the Lord's side.—*Ex. 32, 26.* When Scaurus, a famous Roman, was called a traitor, all he said in defence was: "Varius, the Spaniard, accuses Scaurus, the Chief of the Senate. Romans, which do you believe?"
31	W	The things thou hast learned; knowing of whom thou hast learned them.—*2 Tim.*

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The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 9.

After the Holidays.

"I'm thinking, Puss, that I just HATE the Multiplication Table!"

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And the cherubim spread out their wings on high, covering the mercy-seat with their wings, with their faces one to another; *toward the mercy-seat were the faces of the cherubim.—Ex. 37, 9, R.V.*

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago there were two friends, both good men, who took opposite sides in one of the divisions that have so sorely rent the Church of Christ in Scotland. The one was a "Burgher" and the other an "Anti-Burgher." One can hardly believe it, and yet these were actually the names by which their two Churches were called. It must surely have been in those days that the idea sprang up that Scotchmen have no sense of humour. At any rate the men who chose those names had no sense of the fitness of things. The Church of Christ, which is His Bride, should surely have a bonnie name!

Well, these two friends gave up speaking to one another, and continued so for many years. But one of them, at length, feeling there was something wrong in this, made up his mind to take the first chance he got of trying to be reconciled. So, meeting the other one day as he was going to his work he said, "There's a grand day, Sandie." "Wha's doubting it?" the other answered, and passed on without a word more.

Weeks afterwards, Tom, still feeling ill at ease, came one day when he saw his friend thrashing in the barn, and leaning over the half-door said, "Sandie man, I dinna think this can be richt o' you and me."

"Ay, Tam man, neither do I," was this time the ready answer. "O then, wull ye come doun to my hoose the nicht, and we'll talk it ower?"

"I'll dae that."

"O man, I'm glad," said Tom, and held out his hand.

"Na, na! Tam," was the answer, "it hasna come to that yet!" They must have an argument over their differences, another battle or two, before they could be at peace!

There is a singular prayer in the 79th Psalm—see the Revised Version or the margin of the Authorised in any Bible that has references—"Remember not against us the iniquities of our forefathers." The way to get that prayer answered is, to cease from committing their iniquities, to give over doing as they did.

Let us draw near and look at those cherubim in the Most Holy place. The Mercy-Seat, sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, has been and ever will be, from everlasting to everlasting, the dwelling-place, the seat, the throne, the glory, of the Most High. God in His infinite love has permitted the Holy Angels to dwell there too, for they love Him and He loves them, and they know His secret, and they never weary admiring and adoring the greatness of His love. They desire, as the Apostle says, to look into it, and ever as they look they are filled

with greater and greater rapture and amazement. They are God's messengers, too, flying swiftly, doing His commandments in all places of his dominions, but wherever they go, *they never take their eyes off that Mercy-Seat*, for they are "full of eyes round about." *And they never take their eyes off one another.* They do just as we do, when we are filled with a great joy, or when we see some glorious sight. We can't restrain ourselves, we can't keep silent, we must speak to the man who stands next us, or the man that passes by, though he be a stranger to us, and even before our lips have time to speak, his eyes and ours have spoken to each other. Let us be sure of this, the moment we cease to look at one another, that moment we lose sight of God.

For, God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him. We love, because He first loved us. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God, whom he hath not seen. And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

(Continued from page 88.)

What is thy name? Lydia.

Lydia Barrie, sister of Mr. Barrie who wrote *The Little Minister*, was only two years old when she died, of croup, on a Wednesday evening more than fifty years ago. There is a touching letter of her grandfather's about her in Mr. Barrie's Life of his Mother. The little creature had been the old man's companion. "She was," he says, "such a winning child, and had such a regard for me and always came and told me all her little things, and as she was now speaking, some of her little prattle was very taking. I fear her mother will not soon get over this trial. She hath not met with anything in this world before that hath gone so near the quick with her."

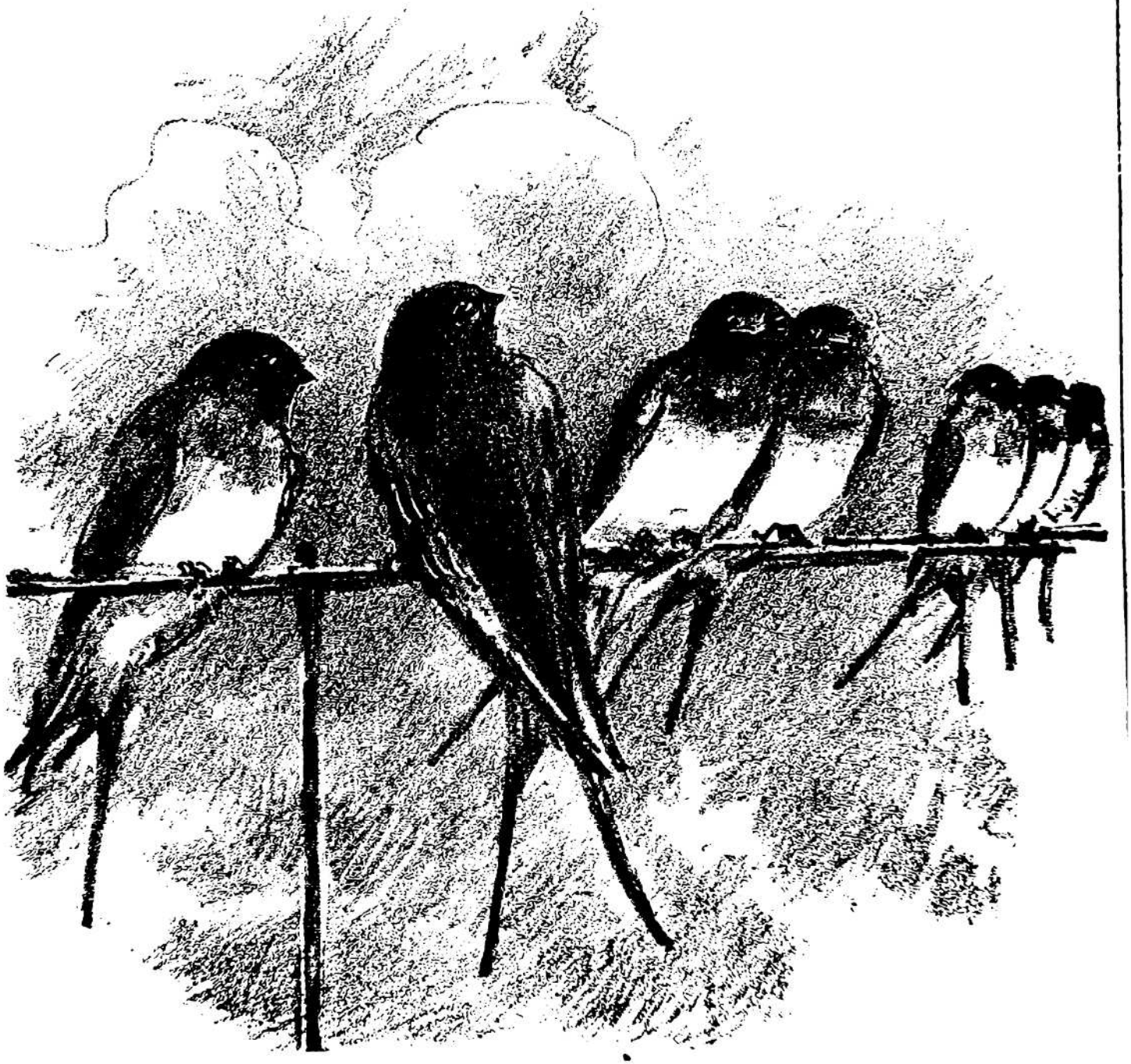
Writing from Edinburgh to a friend in 1808, Sir Walter Scott says—"We have here at present a lioness of the first order, Miss Lydia White, a blue-stocking (pedantic literary lady), very lively, very good-humoured, and intensely absurd. It is very diverting to see the solemn Scotch ladies staring at this phenomenon. She is really at bottom a good-natured woman, with much liveliness and some talent." In his *Journal* we read: "Jan. 28, 1827. Heard of Miss White's death. Poor Lydia! She gave a dinner on the Friday before, and had written with her own hand invitations for another party. Twenty years ago she used to tease me with her youthful affectations. She sometimes let her wit run wild. But she *was* a woman of wit, and had a feeling and kind heart."

What is thy name? Lydia.

When Mr. James Paget, afterwards Sir James Paget, Bart., one of the great surgeons of last century, became engaged to Miss LYDIA NORTH, daughter of the Duke of Kent's chaplain, their friends thought he had done a very foolish thing. He was then only twenty-two and fortune and fame were still to earn. But he himself said, long afterwards, "My engagement gave me for nearly eight years help and hope enough to make even the heaviest work seem light, and then it ended in a marriage blest with the constancy of perfect mutual love not once disturbed. No human wisdom could have devised a step so wise as was this rash engagement. . . . From the time of our marriage in May, 1844, 'being alone' meant being alone with one who never failed in love, in wise counsel, in prudence, and in gentle care of me. Her admirable music and her singing, with a matchless gentle voice and a pure cultivated style, were a refreshing accompaniment to my evening reading and writing; and when these were over, she wrote for me, copying for the press any roughly written manuscripts, sitting with me till midnight or far into the morning, all alone, or, after a time, with the baby brought down in its cradle." They spent the first years of their married life in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and she remembered all her life the cries of the patients in the operating-room a few yards off, in the years before anæsthetics. Her husband used to say she looked worse than the sufferers themselves. She always wondered that a day had not been set apart for national thanksgiving for the discovery of chloroform. One of her sons says that "all she said and did was of a divine simplicity. It is difficult to put in words her gentle and reverent life, her faith in people, her quiet contempt for gossiping or exaggerated talk, her hero-worship, her patience, her schemes for helping people, and for providing pleasures for those to whom she could not offer charity. She did it all with her own hands. . . . She loved to write long letters to all of us that were full of ardent admiration of everybody except herself; and she kept interminable pencil lists of 'things to be done,' and was often overworked. . . . She said always that she was 'not clever,' and 'not able to talk well;' but all clever people liked talking to her. . . . She seemed to remember the romantic side of her early life, and not much of the hardship of it, beyond the misery of nursing my father through his illnesses. And in one of these her courage had been proved: for she had raised him in bed, holding his drink in one hand, and a candle in the other, and had set fire to the bed-curtain; had laid him down, and rubbed out the flames with her hands. She used to play to my father every evening, while he worked; even when she was nearly eighty, and a few weeks before her death. It was delicate, old-world home-music, of a kind not often heard now. When she had won her first prize at the Royal Academy of Music they set her on the table that so small a student might be visible."

She died in 1895, and he in 1897. After her death he paid no marked outward reverence to days and places associated with her, saying, "What is the good of keeping anniversaries when some one is *never* out of one's mind?"

And I went out by night by the valley gate, even toward the dragon's well, and viewed the walls of Jerusalem, which were broken down. . . . Then I went on to the fountain-gate: but there was no place for the beast that was under me to pass. Nehem. 2, 13.



"The swallow has set her six young on the rail, and is looking seawards."—Browning.

Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?—Mark 16, 3.

. . . ἀσφαλισθῆναι	asphalisthēnai
. . . ἀσφαλίσασθε	asphalisasthĕ
. . . ἠσφαλίσαντο	ēsphalisanto

Matt. 27. 64, 65, 66.

THE stone that closed our Saviour's tomb was very big and heavy, and Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James and Salome were only women. They had overcome many other difficulties before they got thus far, such as the fear of man, and the fear of what people would say and think about them. But here was a physical difficulty, a physical impossibility women of less courage

might have called it, and how were they to get over it?

But there were other and far greater difficulties to be overcome that they didn't know of—legal, moral, civil, military, religious—difficulties that no man, or body of men in the country could even dare to meddle with. *The tomb was guarded by soldiers*, by Roman soldiers, whose proud tradition it was, that they could die at their posts, but might not leave them. *And the stone was sealed*, and that seal represented the majesty, the inviolable majesty, of the law. Woe to the man who would dream of meddling with that! So hopeless was the situation in fact, that the Evangelist almost seems to glory in repeating the big high-sounding mouth-filling word that describes the purpose and the plan of the Jewish Priests and the Roman Governor.

"Command that the sepulchre *be made sure.*"

"Go your way, *make it as sure as ye can.*"

"So they went, *and made the sepulchre sure.*"

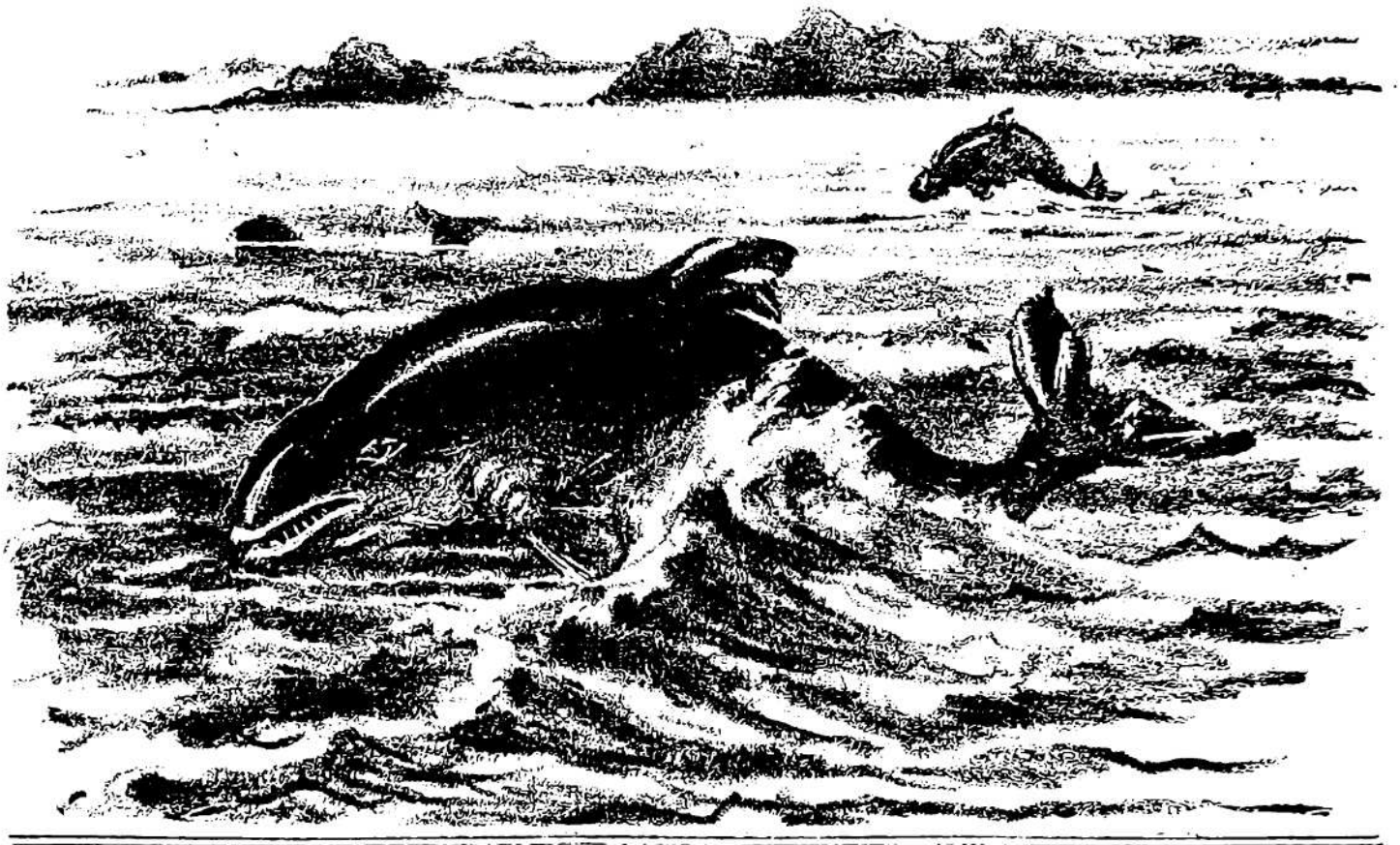
Ay, they made it sure. "And He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision."

They made it sure. "And behold, there was a great earthquake"—Where's the physical impossibility now? "For the angel of the Lord"—Oh, here's a new party appearing on the scene! Where does he come from? What is his *locus standi?* "Descended from heaven."—Ah we had forgotten there was such a place! it never entered our calculations. "And came and"—What's that he's doing? Why, he has been and gone and done it! in an instant! without saying, "By your leave"! "And came and rolled back the stone from the door," seal and all! "And sat upon it!" Oh the effrontery of him! But he'll suffer for it. "Up, Guards, and—" "And for fear of him the watchers did quake, and became as dead men" But "some of the watch came into the city and shewed unto the chief priests all the things that were done."

Ay, they *made it sure.* But God had made something else sure from all eternity—"I will tell of the decree: the Lord said unto Me, Thou art My Son; this day have I begotten Thee." Impossible that "that Deceiver" should rise from the dead? It was not possible that the Son of God could be holden of death! Man's impossibility is the Almighty's opportunity.

So was it then. So is it now. Lord Halsbury and his brother Judges, by their late Decision, have indeed rolled a very great stone, and sealed it, and made it sure—as sure as they could. And both the Free Church, and the United Free Church have been overwhelmed by it, though in different ways, and are saying, Who shall roll us away the stone? And the enemies of God are laughing. But God can laugh too, and He that laughs last laughs best.

If only they continue seeking for their Lord, it is not these Scottish Churches, but those English Judges, that shall come off worst in the encounter.



The Porpoise.

LEIGH HUNT, the poet and essayist, 1784-1859, tells us in his *Autobiography* that when he was a child he found himself one evening on the beach at Deal, looking at a school of porpoises, creatures of which his brother had given him some tremendous mysterious notion. "I remember," he says, "feeling the shades of evening and the solemnity of the spectacle with an awful intensity. There they were, tumbling along in the foam—what exactly I knew not, but fearful creatures of some sort. My brother spoke of them in an undertone of voice, and I held my breath as I looked. The very word *porpoise* had an awful mouth-filling sound."

The word comes from the French, and means pig-fish. The German name is *meerschwein*, sea-hog.

I have a curious association with the word porpoise myself.

I had a minister friend—now gone—staying with me a good many years ago. He was one of the most charming talkers I have ever known, and for great part of an afternoon kept me interested and amused by his account of some petty controversy—I forget over what—in which he had been recently engaged. One of his opponents, whom he playfully styled "the ruffian," he evidently suspected of not being perfectly straightforward. The scheming of the man

was described with rare vigour and felicity and raciness, and then my friend—who came, I should have told you, from a part of the country where the letter *u* is often sounded as if it were *o*—lowering his voice in a curious way he had, and speaking with a great and deep solemnity as he drew near the climax of his narrative, said, as I thought, "Now, DO YOU SEE THE PORPOISE——"

At the sound of the word I jumped up, seized my telescope, opened my window, and cried, "Where?" for a porpoise, whether rolling and plunging along or leaping six feet straight up into the air, is always, as the old Huguenot called it, "a beautiful marine sight." "Where?" I cried again, "I don't see it." And no wonder, for alas! there was no porpoise there and my friend had never said there was! What he was going to say when I interrupted him was, "Now, do you see the *purpose* of the ruffian?"

It must be fifteen years, "magnum spatium vitae," since then, but from that day to this I never see a porpoise from my window—and I see them often—without recalling that scene, and the voice and gesture of my dead friend who lives in God.

Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint.—Prov. 25, 19.

ONE sometimes hears it said that it doesn't matter very much whether a clock or a watch goes fast or goes slow, if only it goes always at the same rate; one knows, in that case, how much to allow. Quite true, but how much calculating one has to do! It reminds one of the mental confusion one gets into when one goes shopping abroad. "Ten and a-half francs:" how many shillings is that? "Nine dollars 25 cents:" what's that in pounds? Or, perhaps, one should say it is like going into a money changer's shop—one can get one nation's coin in exchange for another's, but one has to drop some money in the process. A certain percentage must be paid. So we lose time in finding out what the time is.

But even if one is a ready reckoner and loses little time in the process, what about one's visitors? People are not supposed to know the vagaries of every timepiece in every house they call at. How often one hears a conversation like this:

"Dear me! is that four o'clock that struck just now? Surely—"

"Oh no! she's forward."

"I was thinking that."

"Yes, she goes fast. She's a real good clock, but she makes (that is, she flings away!) about three minutes every day. But we can rely on her. You see we wind her up on the Saturday, and we allow three minutes for every day till next Saturday. Now this is Tuesday, dear me! what am I talking about? Am I forgetting the days of the week?

"It *is* Tuesday."

"Dear me! so it is, I was thinking it was Wednesday! Well, what was I saying?"

"You were saying,—"

"Oh yes! I mind now. I declare I'm getting stupid. I was saying we allow three minutes every day. Well, Saturday one, Sabbath two, Monday three, Tuesday four—did you say this was Tuesday? Very

well, four three's twelve, so it wants twelve minutes to four, or at least it wanted that five minutes ago when the clock struck. But it's a real good clock. It was my grandmother's, it used to keep time to a minute till we got it cleaned, and it has gone fast ever since."

"I was sure it couldn't be four o'clock, for I knew how long it took me to come here, and I knew when I left the house, and I didn't see how I could have been here a whole hour already." (Clock in the neighbouring steeple strikes four.) "There, you see, just what I told you; it's striking four in the steeple, and my clock's twelve minutes past. She's a real good clock, a steady-going clock. She was my grandmother's"—and so on for other fifteen minutes.

But what is one to say about a clock that goes fast one day and slow the next, and never two days running the same way or the same rate, such a clock as a friend of mine had?

"Two o'clock!" one would say to him. "I didn't think it was twelve."

"Neither it is. But we never mind that clock. It's the other little one we go by."

"But why do you not put it right?

"We can put it right but we can't keep it right. It went three hours fast yesterday, and the day before it lost two-and-a-half. And when it points at ten to-night, the real time may be anything from five in the afternoon to three in the morning."

"But why keep a clock like that? why not get it sorted?"

"Ah well! it was a present I got, and the watchmakers all tell me it will have to go to Paris if I wish it put right."

And to Paris it did go after my friend and all his friends had put up with this kind of thing for years. I was in his house the other day, and as usual, when I had said for the fifth time I was going away, he smiled and said, "There's no hurry; it's only—" (Here he turned round to look at the little clock.) "Isn't that strange?" he went on to say. "Ever since that thing came back from Paris, it has kept perfect time, but it deceived me so often and so long that even though it has got a new heart I can't trust it. I find myself always turning round to look at the little one!"

There are men whom some of us know, ay, and women too, the more's the pity, who are like that clock. They went once so far astray, and acted so cruelly and shamefully, as, for example, getting the worse of drink, that, even when we hope they have got a new heart, we somehow feel as if our confidence in them had been shaken for ever. Oh boys and girls! pray that, by God's grace, through faith in His Son, you may be cleansed from secret faults and kept back from presumptuous sins. It is a fine thing, a glorious thing, when not only God's heart, but the heart of our fathers and mothers and our masters and mistresses, can "safely trust" in us, as the Book of Proverbs says the man can do that has a wise and godly wife.

Reasons for not going to Church.

THE three families that live in that tenement were not at church two Sabbaths ago, *because they were pretending to be from home.*

But the way of transgressors is hard, and they were all found out.

1. The people in the top flat got a visit in the afternoon from their elder, who said he knew they were at home because he saw their chimney smoking, and he feared they had some serious trouble in the house.

2. The Policeman on the beat, who had gone to see if the doors were all right, found one of the young ladies in the middle flat stealing downstairs in her stocking-soles after their Persian cat, which had slipped out through the bath-room window; and he told that to his sister who sings in the choir with her, and she did not keep it to herself!

But 3. The family on the ground-floor had the worst luck of all, for fire broke out in their father's works, and next day's paper told that "fortunately, though the partners of the firm were both at the coast, Mr. ——, the manager, was at home, and by his energy materially assisted the Fire-Brigade," etc. But, worse still, on the Tuesday the mother and eldest daughter were heart-broken at getting a letter from her second-cousin, Jack Ronaldson, chief-officer of the four-masted ship, *East Linton*, which was not due for three weeks yet, saying that he had arrived in town very late on the Saturday evening from Liverpool, and had gone to church next day expecting to find them all there. Then he had gone to their house, but saw from their windows that they were from home. He was now leaving for Antwerp to take command of the *Phantassie*, the crack ship of their line, whose captain had met with an accident as she was being towed out of dock. She was bound for 'Frisco, and thence to Sydney. On his way to the station he had bought a Scotch newspaper, and found from an account of a fire in it that the family had been at home after all!

1	TH	Love worketh no ill to his neighbour :
2	F	Therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—*Rom. 13, 10.*
3	S	Beloved, let us love one another.—*1 John 4, 6.* "I can as willingly be a martyr for love, as for any article of the creed."—*Richard Baxter.* He was one of the 2257 ministers ejected from their pulpits for "non-conforming," 24th August, 1662.
4	S	For love is of God.
5	M	Everyone that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God.
6	TU	He that loveth not knoweth not God. "Pectus est quod facit theologum"—it is the heart that makes the theologian.—*One of Neander's Mottoes.*
7	W	And let us know, let us follow on to know the Lord.—*Hos. 6, 3 (R. V.)*
8	TH	And I will give them an heart to know Me.—*Jer. 24, 7.*
9	F	She loved much.—*Luke 7, 47.*
10	S	But to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.
11	S	Let me never be put to confusion.—*Ps. 71, 1.*
12	M	They continually say unto me, Where is thy God?—*Ps. 42, 3.*
13	TU	The nations will speak, saying, Because the Lord was not able.—*Numb. 14, 16.*
14	W	I know Him Whom I have believed.—*2 Tim. 1, 12.*
15	TH	I waited patiently for the Lord.—*Ps. 40, 1.*
16	F	What I do thou knowest not now ;
17	S	But thou shalt understand hereafter.—*John 13, 7 (R. V.)* "God will not put us to permanent intellectual confusion."—*John Fiske.*
18	S	My covenant with thee in the days of thy youth—
19	M	Thou shalt know that I am the Lord.—*Ezek. 16, 60.*
20	TU	O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth ;—*Ps. 71, 17 (R. V.)*
21	W	And hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works.
22	TH	Yea, even when I am old and gray-headed, forsake me not ;
23	F	Until I have declared Thy strength unto the next generation. An old gentleman of 84, a Unitarian, disputing, and unable to agree with one of 92, said at last, "Well, at least, we are both *in pursuit of truth.*" "*Pursuit* of truth ! " repeated 92. "My dear sir, we would need to have *got it* by this time ! "—*Story of Browning's told by Mrs. Carlyle.*
24	S	I say unto you, Seek, and ye shall find.—*Luke 11, 9.*
25	S	Out of Zion God hath shined forth. A Mr. Serjeant, Mr. Baxter's assistant, entering the pulpit one day, and seeing some of the people leaving the church, said, "My friends, if you came to hear Mr. Baxter, you will be disappointed, for he is ill ; but if you are come to hear the WORD OF GOD, I am come to preach it."
26	M	Zion, the perfection of beauty.—*Ps. 50, 2.*
27	TU	The place where Thy glory dwelleth.—*Ps. 26, 8.*
28	W	In His temple everything saith, Glory.—*Ps. 29, 9 (R. V.)*
29	TH	One thing have I asked—to behold the beauty of the Lord —*Ps. 27, 4.*
30	F	Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.—*Is. 6, 5.*

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XVII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 10.

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

The Boy that lets an Old Body carry a heavy load.

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Now the acts of David the king, first and last, behold, they are written in the book of Samuel the seer, and in the book of Nathan the prophet, and in the book of Gad the seer, with all his reign and his might, and the times that went over him, and over Israel, and over the kingdoms of the countries.—1st Chron. 29, 29.

A KING'S *Life* or a stateman's *Life* is the Life not only of a man, but of a public man. His history is the story not only of his own private joys and sorrows, it is also the story of his kingdom and of all the kingdoms round about.

The same thing is true, in measure, about your life and mine. No man liveth to himself. Everybody that knows us, our parents, our playmates, our teachers, the people to whose shops or houses we go messages—they all, so to speak, write a book about us and record our acts in it, first and last. That book may be only their own memory or opinion of us, but one day, like all other books, it will be opened. Even those who meet us only casually as we say, for ten or fifteen minutes—and most of those whom we meet we see for a shorter time than that—write something about us in their minds. It may be only a line, yet that line may go through all the earth. The poor cottager, sitting at her door, "never heard of half-a-mile from home," is seen by a poet and awakes to find herself famous, and ousts from their place those whom the world calls The Immortals.

But I wish you to remember, however young you be, that you are concerned, as much as any king or politician, *in the times that go over you*, that is, in the great public events that happen both at home and abroad.

There is war in the East just now—a tremendous war. And there is strife, bitter strife, in Scotland between the Churches of Christ, and there are bad men trying to add fuel to the fire. During the long winter nights that are coming on, when you are sitting on the fender doing your lessons, you will hear your fathers and mothers and their friends talking sadly about the things that have come to pass, and wondering what shall be the end of these wonders. Is there anything that you can do? Yes, you can listen, and put questions afterwards when the visitors have gone away, and, above all, you can pray, and perhaps that is the best thing at present that anyone can do. Pray every night and every morning on your knees, and sometimes through the day—you can do it in your heart even in the middle of a game—pray that God may turn wars into peace and out of evil bring forth good.

Twenty, forty, eighty years after this, if you be spared, when generations yet unborn will be talking about the great things that are happening now, it will be a joy to you to remember that in His night of sorrow you were watching and praying with your Lord.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

(Continued from page 100.)

What is thy name?

Lydia.

Miss Lydia Mackenzie Fraser first heard of her future husband Hugh Miller, the geologist and journalist, in a letter from her mother in 1830, she being then nineteen and he twenty-eight. "You may guess what the literary pretensions of Cromarty are," says Mrs. Fraser, "when I tell you that from my window at this moment I see a stonemason building a wall. He has just published a volume of poems and likewise letters on the herring fishery, both of which I now send you." The year after, the two met, and love quickly sprang up between them. They saw each other often, the days on which no meeting took place being marked by him, as she afterwards found out, by a notch in a beam in his cottage roof. Her mother from pride presently forbade all further intercourse, and thus it was that Miller, who already was no stranger "to high thought and amiable words and courtesy," became possessed with "the desire of fame." Determined, as he said, either to marry Miss Fraser into the position of a lady, or not to marry her at all, he set himself to work with all his might, and in five years claimed and won her hand, having in that short time made his mark in the literature of his country and won for himself such a name that any bride, however highly born, might well be proud of him.

Mr. Pengelly, another distinguished geologist, had also a Lydia for his wife, a Miss Spriggs, a Quakeress, who often went with Mrs Elizabeth Fry to visit prisoners. After her marriage she helped her husband greatly by drawing and colouring diagrams for his lectures.

Mabel.

Mabel, daughter and heiress of one of the great lords of Normandy, and wife of another, Roger de Montgomery, second cousin of William the Conqueror, was a little woman but of great natural sagacity and eloquence. But, forgetting the meaning of her name which is the same as Amabel, Lovable, she was a heartless cruel woman who stained her hands with blood and was at last herself murdered by four brothers whom she had robbed of lands. She had a son in her own image, who is said to have plucked out the eyes of captives with his own hands.

An American scholar tells us that once when he was staying with James Russell Lowell, the poet's little daughter Mabel looked in at the door and her father cried out, "Salute your progenitor!" which, being interpreted, means "Give me a kiss!" And the poet himself tells us how one winter's day he kissed her, his only surviving child, and then adds that she could not dream

> That my kiss was given to her sister
> Folded close under deepening snow.

What is thy name?

Mabel.

MABEL CARR, a dyer's daughter, was the mother of George Stephenson, to whom the world owes the locomotive and the railway. She was a little woman, delicate and nervous, but well-doing and thrifty. Her husband tended a colliery engine, and had but twelve shillings a week, and on that sum they brought up six children.

The late Dr. Hole, Dean of Rochester, the great authority on Roses, wrote a touching poem of three stanzas many years ago about a MABEL, a keeper's daughter. We see her 1. "In the Sunlight," singing by the brooklet's side; then 2. "In the Lamplight," when she has forgotten the Guide of her youth, and she "flaunts along, with a proud defiant beauty, speaking sin's words, wildly laughing," while her mother lies dying in a cottage far away, and her father cries to Heaven for vengeance; and then 3. "In the Moonlight," by a gravestone in a churchyard, where her mother sleeps:

> There, trailing cruel thorns, storm-drenched, plaining with piteous bleat,
> The lost lamb—so her mother prayed—and the Good Shepherd meet.

Magdalene.

In his drama of Queen Mary Tennyson tells us of a LADY MAGDALEN DACRES, one of the Ladies in Waiting, "the stateliest deer in all the herd," who was standing one day at her window when King Philip of Spain, Bloody Mary's husband, passed along the corridor and impudently drove the window back and pushed in his hand,

> "But by God's providence a good stout staff
> Lay near me; and you know me strong of arm;
> I do believe I lamed his Majesty's
> For a day or two."

He shewed them His hands.—Luke 24, 40.

A FEW years ago I heard Mr J. M. Barrie ask leave from an Edinburgh audience to put his hands in his pockets while he addressed it; what else to do with them—and he had been watching what the Chairman, Lord Rosebery, did with his while he spoke—he did not know.

When our late Queen, shortly after her accession, was sitting for her portrait, she said to the painter, Sir George Hayter, "I am very curious to know how you mean to place my hands. Just take them and place them as you intend in the picture."

It was a delicate commission, the artist said afterwards when he told the story, but he did as he was bid, and then the Queen, turning to Lady Mulgrave, said, "I have often thought, if I had to paint a Queen, how I would place her hands; and, curiously enough, this is the very position I had hit on." So goes the story in the *Creevey Papers*.

One cannot help smiling at her question; it was such a strange mixture of humility and pride, of ignorance and knowledge. It was as if one were to say to a writing-master, "I wish to write the way a clever honest kind-hearted person does." To which the proper answer would be, *Be* clever, honest, and kind-hearted, and then your handwriting, like everything else you do, will show what you are.

So might Sir George Hayter have said—*Be* queenly and never mind your attitudes; they will take care of themselves. And that, we may be sure, is what the Queen herself would have said at any other period of her reign.

"What height is Queen Mary?" Queen Elizabeth once asked a Scotch lord.

"She is so high," was the answer.

"Then she is too tall, for I am just the right height."

So might Victoria have said—and indeed that was virtually what she did say to Lady Mulgrave—"A Queen's hands should be placed the way I place mine." Whatever a man's calling and whatever his conduct, the shape and position of his hands tend to become characteristic. That is why great portrait painters, though they may let their assistants paint parts of the dress or the background or some of the minor accessories, always do the face and hands themselves.

In this, as in all other things, our great example is our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. For, though He was God, equal from everlasting with the Father and the Holy Ghost, He took our nature and became man, that He might die for us. He had flesh and bones, hands and feet, in all points like us, only without sin. How helpless, yet how loving, these little hands were while He was a Babe, clinging to His Mother's neck, stretched out so trustfully to every one that loved Him! How brave and gentle, how unselfish and obedient, these hands were when He was a boy! How charmingly they moved in hours of play, how eagerly they learned to write! And yet He was the Eternal Word! How diligently, how honestly, how laboriously, how generously, they

toiled when He became a Carpenter! With what grace and lowly majesty they disposed themselves when the day's work was done and He lay down to rest and sleep! But what shall we say of them during His three years' ministry? Never idle: always doing good, and doing it so graciously; so strong and comforting and tender, whether they touched the blind man's eyes or the leper's scaly burning skin, or raised up the back that had been bent for eighteen years, or rescued from the waves a sinking man, or delivered to his mother her only son that had been dead, or washed the traitor's feet, or healed the wound of the man that came to take Him prisoner! How freely, how overflowingly, they loved to give, how willingly they were ready to receive, how pleadingly, alluringly, they were held out when He spoke, how submissively He let men bind them, how joyously He stretched them on the bitter tree that He might win for us salvation! How helpless they were in death! How glorious in their strength and love when He arose!

When He left this world they were lifted up in blessing! And now, as we look at those hands into which the Father hath given all things, and see them bestowing all His gifts on men, even on the rebellious, may we not hear Him still saying, Why are ye troubled? Behold My hands, that it is I Myself!

Seeing then He is hereafter to fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory, shall we not seek to be like Him even now, saying to Him—

> Take My hands, and let them move
> At the impulse of Thy love?

"Her Septembers."

MRS. INCHBALD, an actress and novelist who died in 1821 at the age of sixty-eight, left behind her a touching paper which she called "An Account of my Septembers since I married." It covers thirty-six years of her life, from 1772, when she was nineteen, to 1808.

Why she reckoned the years by Septembers is not known, for she was born in June and married in October. But most of us have a certain month "which is the beginning of months, and the first month of the year to us"; the heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.

These Septembers she thus describes:—

"HAPPY"	5
"QUITE HAPPY"	1
"VERY HAPPY"	2
"SOMETIMES RATHER HAPPY"	1
"AT TIMES VERY HAPPY"	1
"EXTREMELY HAPPY BUT FOR——'S DEATH"	1
"NEARLY HAPPY"	1
"AFTER AN ALTERATION IN MY TEETH ¶—YET FAR FROM UNHAPPY"	1
"MIDDLING"	2
"UNHAPPY"	3
"NEITHER"	1
"NOT HAPPY"	4
"NOT UNHAPPY"	3
"SELDOM EITHER"	1

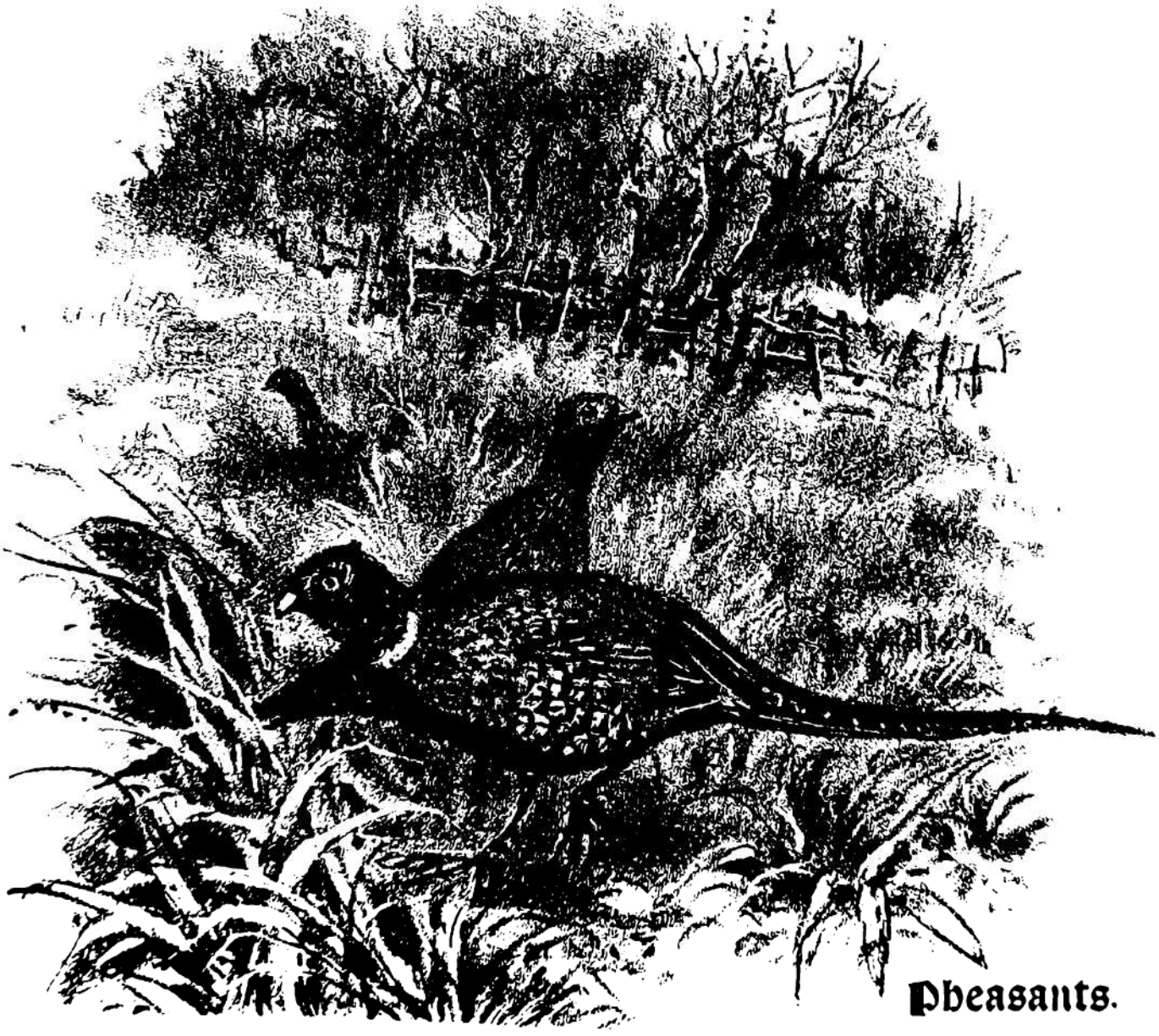
¶ If the young people who read this knew all that these words mean, they would begin to attend to their teeth this very hour; and all the wise ones amongst them will do that.

"MOSTLY UNHAPPY" - - -	1
"VERY UNHAPPY" - - -	1
"EXTREMELY UNHAPPY" - -	1

Opposite her forty-fifth year, 1798, are the words—"Happy, but for suspicion amounting almost to certainty of a rapid appearance of age in my face"; 1799—"Extremely happy but for the still nearer approach of age"; 1800—"Still happy but for my still increased appearance of declining years"; 1801—"After the death of my best friend in the world, and in the suspicion of never more being as a young woman again —Very happy but for my years"; etc., etc.

What will *you* say when you number *your* years?

Here is a prayer and a promise for you now: "O satisfy us early with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be *glad all our days*." And here is a vow and a prophecy for you to make: "Every day will I bless Thee, and I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever." For that is what man was made for—to glorify God, and, which is the same thing, *to enjoy Him for ever*.



Pheasants.

Please, Mother, will you give us the BIG BASKET? *We are going to gather* SUCH *a lot of brambles!*

Their Angels.—Matt. 18, 10.

BESSIE GRAY and her little brother Willie were at church on the Sabbath. Willie, as is his wont, sang on at the end of the verse when everybody else was done, to the very manifest annoyance of one man who distinguished himself by singing the tenor of *French* while the rest of the congregation were at *Tallis*. During the sermon both Willie and Bessie fell asleep, greatly shocking the feelings of a young gentleman who thought, and said afterwards, that it was a cruel sin to take such little creatures to church. What good could they get from a sermon? (He himself when asked that night what the text had been said it was—"in the Testament, oh yes! in either Matthew or Mark, or was it Acts? It was something about what the apostles said." The truth of the matter was, he had been playing a game of football in his mind all day.)

CHAPTER II.

On the Thursday afternoon the two children went to gather brambles on the brae at the end of the next field, their mother giving them a tiny pitcher to put them in, and also, at their own request, a fairly big basket.

Half-an-hour afterwards she went to see how they were getting on, and found them lying both asleep behind a stook, the little pitcher not one-third filled, and their faces and pinafores all purple stains. She put a little shawl over them and in less than two hours had the basket full, and of course the pitcher too. Then she went and told her husband and bade him fetch the little ones and the brambles with him when he came home for supper; only he was not to tell them what she had done.

CHAPTER III.

When the children awoke, Willie was too sleepy and Bessie too much amazed, to say anything. But half-an-hour after, when Bessie was in the middle of her porridge, she suddenly looked up, and said—"The Minister was saying on Sabbath that angels were fond of children and would do anything for them. I wonder if it was an angel that pulled all the brambles for Willie and me?"

And then her father looked first at her mother and then at her, and smiled, and after a little said, "Yes, Bessie, I'm sure it was, and it will be six years come Monday since the very same angel—a very very bonnie one — first came to your daddy's house."

The legs of the lame are not equal.—Prov. 26, 7.

My foot standeth in an even place.—Psalm 26, 12.

DAVID MENDEL was the name of a young Jew who came to Christ in his seventeenth year, in 1806, and being publicly baptized, took the name JOHANN NEANDER, that is, John New Man. He lived to do a great work for Christ, and died in 1850. His last words were, "I am weary, I will now go to sleep, Good night." He is reckoned the greatest of all church historians.

Like our own Scotch Rabbi

Duncan, he was very absent-minded. One day, for example, as we read in the *Life and Letters* of Mr. Story, the American sculptor and poet, he came home from the University, complaining that he had become lame, saying he had "hobbled along the street the whole way." On being asked if he suffered pain, he said, "No, I feel no pain, no soreness anywhere, but I am lame, for I hobbled the whole way home." His sister having examined him as carefully as she could, and having found no sign of any injury, a doctor was called in, and he stroked and thumped and punched and twisted the poor old man all over, but to no purpose; he could find nothing wrong. But Neander persisted. "I am lame, there is no mistake about it, for I hobbled the whole way."

When they were all in this perplexity, a friend fortunately came in to pay a visit, who solved the mystery by stating that he had noticed the professor walking along the road with one foot on the pavement, and the other in the gutter! No wonder he had hobbled.

The town of Cincinnati in the United States occupies such a broken and irregular site on the banks of the river Ohio, that Americans say half-jestingly, that you can tell a Cincinnati man anywhere by his step; he walks as if one leg were shorter than the other, like a slater going sideways on a roof.

It is a good thing, whether one be a four-legged table, or a three-legged stool, or a two-legged human being, to stand in an even place, and to walk in an even place, for there one stands firmly as well as evenly, and one walks not only easily but gracefully. It is a good thing to be sure of one's footing, sure of one's ground, and that is what an ignorant pretentious man, or a false and shifty man, a liar or a hypocrite, can never be,

> "With all his conscience and
> one eye askew."

I have heard Haddington people tell a story of the Rev. John Brown of that town the man whose *Self-Interpreting* Family Bible used to be the best prized wedding gift a bride could get. He was riding through Tranent on a horse which was a little lame, when a man who professed to be an infidel cried out after him, "Eh, Mr. Brown! doesn't the Bible say 'The legs o' the lame are no equal?'"

"Ay, my man," was his answer, "it does, you'll find it in 26th of Proverbs, 'The legs of the lame are not equal, *so is a parable in the mouth of fools!*'"

You and I have been talking, and talking sensibly I hope, about the advantage of having what Paul, in his first letter to Timothy—you may find it in the Revised Version—calls "a good standing." What will our talk be but a parable in the mouth of fools, if we be not found resting upon Christ? "He brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a Rock and established my goings."

"Upon this solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

"The harvest is ended."

1	S	And Rebekah hasted, and emptied her pitchers, and ran again unto the well.—*Gen. 24, 20.* "I miss in my new maid the enthusiasm, the *birr*, the ready-to-fly-at-anything-ness of my old one."—*Mrs Carlyle's Letters.*
2	S	The Word became flesh, and dwelt among us, full of truth.—*John 1, 14.*
3	M	The Son of God was not yea and nay,
4	Tu	But in Him is yea. . . . In Him is the yea.—*2 Cor. 1, 19 (R. V.)*
5	W	Let your speech be Yea, yea; Nay, nay.—*Matt. 5, 37.* "Never say No from pride, nor Yes from weakness."—*Lord Dalling and Bulwer's Maxims.*
6	Th	A doubleminded man, unstable in all his ways.—*Jas. 1, 6 (R. V.)*
7	F	I will not go in with dissemblers.—*Ps. 26, 4.*
8	S	If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—*Prov. 1, 10.*
9	S	His visage was so marred more than any man.—*Is. 52, 14.*
10	M	I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of His wrath.
11	Tu	My flesh and my skin hath He made old.—*Lam. 3, 1-4.* "Are you very old?" a child once asked an aged man. "Yes, my dear; but what makes you think so?" "Because your face is so full of strokes.—*Wright's Life of Edward Fitzgerald.*
12	W	Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God.—*Heb. 11, 25.*
13	Th	Who is weak, and I am not weak?—*2 Cor. 11, 29.*
14	F	Am not I grieved with those that rise up against Thee?—*Ps. 139, 21.*
15	S	To whom the burden upon Zion was a reproach.—*Zeph. 3, 18 (R. V.)*
16	S	The beauty of old men is the grey head.—*Prov. 20, 29.* "Oh if am like that," said Lady Stuart when her portrait was painted with all the wrinkles out, "I am only fit to die!"—*Hare's Memorials.*
17	M	I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus.—*Eph. 6, 17 (R. V.)*
18	Tu	Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations.—*Luke 22, 28.*
19	W	God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.—*Rev. 21, 4 (R. V.)*
20	Th	All saw Stephen's face as it had been the face of an angel.—*Acts 6, 15.*
21	F	Not having spot or wrinkle.—*Eph. 5, 27.*
22	S	Without blemish with exceeding joy.—*Jude 24.*
23	S	All things are yours; and ye are Christ's.—*1 Cor. 3, 21.*
24	M	Why loose ye the colt? The Lord hath need of him.—*Luke 19, 33.*
25	Tu	I will make a covenant for them with the beasts.—*Hos. 2, 18.*
26	W	He will keep the feet of His saints.—*1 Sam. 2, 9.* "He never started, he never tript, he never stumbled. He had sense, courage, strength, majesty, spirit, and obedience."—*Epitaph on the Earl of Orrery's horse, King Nobby; died 1754, aged 34.*
27	Th	Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field.—*Job 5, 23.*
28	F	Upon the bells of the horses, HOLY UNTO THE LORD.—*Zech. 13, 20 (R. V.)*
29	S	He shall give His angels charge over thee.—*Ps. 91, 11.*
30	S	I laid me down and slept; for the Lord sustained me.—*Ps. 3, 5.*
31	M	The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.—*Eccl. 5, 12.* "Mr. Lambton (afterwards first Earl of Durham) said, 'I *do* know that it is pretty hard that a man with £80,000 a year can't sleep.'"—*The Creevey Papers, 1822.*

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The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 11.

The Best Divinity School.

"You see, bairns, what the Lord Chancellor couldna understand was this."

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Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy Name: and deliver us, and purge away our sins, for Thy Name's sake. Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is their God?—Ps. 79, 9.

IN 1849 the people of Brescia in Northern Italy rose up in arms against the Austrians, under whose yoke they had groaned for five-and-thirty years. After a siege of ten days the city was taken by General Haynau, who by his ferocious treatment of the inhabitants, and in particular by his flogging of women, earned for himself the hatred of Europe, and such nicknames as 'the Austrian butcher' and the 'Hyena of Brescia.' Some months afterwards, September, 1850, he had the impudence to come to London. Whilst there, he paid a visit to a great brewery in Southwark, but being recognized was mobbed and hustled by the draymen—who for once deserved well of their country—was beaten with broomsticks and bespattered with mud and chased through the adjoining streets.

Of the defenders of Brescia no fewer than fifty were put to death by him, and of these no one was more lamented than a young man Tito Speri, whose courage and valour had won for him the love and admiration of all his fellow-citizens.

The day before he was shot he wrote in his last letter these words: "To-morrow they lead me forth. I have done with this world, but, I PROMISE YOU I WILL DO WHAT I CAN IN THE BOSOM OF GOD."

These are beautiful and wonderful words, and they suggest strange thoughts and imaginings about the work and joy of the spirits of the redeemed that are with Christ in the Paradise of God.

Four years ago when each morning brought us tidings of fresh disaster in South Africa, a friend told me he heard an old man, who had been seeing a "Professor" at the Western Infirmary in Glasgow, say to the companion who was with him in the car, "I would have liked to be spared to see how the war would end."

There are two great wars going on at present—that awful one between Russia and Japan, and that other, which may perhaps have as great and solemn consequences in the world's history, between two churches of Christ in Scotland. All of us would like to see the end of both. Yet doubtless some, perhaps many, who read these words, may be "in the bosom of God" before the next stage in either war is reached. Others of us will live to see the bitter fruits of both, week after week, month after month, year after year. Let us remember that we who are alive and remain can do something in the bosom of God too, and something amongst our fellow men as well. If we be of the Israel of God, it will be said of us, "Thou hast striven with God and with men, and hast prevailed." Therefore, take no rest

and give God no rest, but pray without ceasing that He may make wars into peace and that He may shew all the churches and people of Scotland why this evil is come upon us, and may make us humble ourselves and repent, lest He come to us and move our candlestick out of its place.

"O Lord, according to all Thy righteousness, I beseech Thee, let Thine anger and Thy fury be turned away from Thy city Jerusalem, Thy holy mountain, because for our sins, and for the iniquities of our fathers, Jerusalem and Thy people are become a reproach to all that are about us."

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

(Continued from page 112.)

What is thy name?

Magdalene.

Magdalene de Valois, first wife of James V. of Scotland, was the daughter of Francis I., King of France. Having lost her mother when she was only four years old, she was brought up with her aunt Margaret, afterwards Queen of Navarre, a woman who showed much favour to the Reformers. Francis I. was the man who, defeated, wounded, and taken prisoner in battle, wrote this letter to his mother: "Madam, all is lost save honour." Magdalene was married in Paris on New Year's Day, 1537, she being then 16 years and five months old, while James was five-and-twenty. After spending four-and-a-half months with her husband at her father's court, for she was of a delicate constitution and they dreaded the Scotch winter, she set sail for her new home, and landing at Leith after a stormy passage of five days, captured the hearts of the Scotch not only by her great beauty but by her instantly "kneeling when she first stepped on Scottish ground, and bowing herself down, kissing the moulds thereof for the love she bore the King, and returning thanks to God for having brought the King and her safely through the seas, and praying for the happiness of the country." Her death, only forty days after, caused such manifestations of sorrow as had never been seen before in Scotland.

The "holy George Herbert," the poet, 1593-1633, had for his mother Magdalen Newport, daughter of Sir Richard Newport, a woman of great beauty, dignity, and wisdom. "She was," says Izaak Walton, "the happy mother of seven sons and three daughters, which she would often say was Job's *number*, and Job's *distribution;* and as often bless God that they were neither defective in their shapes, nor in their reason: and very often reprove them that did not praise God for so great a blessing." When her son went to Oxford as a student she removed to that city from her home at Montgomery Castle, that she might have him "so much under her own eye as to see and converse with him daily: but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make

What is thy name? Magdalene.

her company a torment to her child; but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother; which was to her great content: for she would often say, 'That as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company:' and would therefore as often say, 'That ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue, and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin and to keep it burning.' It was of her in her later years that Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, said:

> Were her first years the Golden Age? That's true;
> But now they're gold oft tried and ever new.

And again:

> No Spring nor Summer beauty hath such grace
> As I have seen in one AUTUMNAL FACE.

MAGDALEN ROCHDALE, 1599-1645, was the mother of Philip Henry, one of the 2257 "Nonconformist" ministers who were put out of their churches in England on St. Bartholomew's day, August 24, 1662. She was the wife of Mr. John Henry, a Welshman, Keeper of the Royal orchard at Whitehall, and afterwards "page of the back stairs"—a post much more honourable than it sounds—in the household of James, Duke of York, later on the James II. of hateful memory. Her grandson, Matthew Henry, the Commentator, whose name, I hope, you sometimes hear your minister mention on Sabbaths and at the prayer-meeting, thus describes her: "She was a virtuous, pious gentlewoman, and one that feared God above many. She was altogether dead to the vanities and pleasures of the court, though she lived in the midst of them. She looked well to the ways of her household; prayed with them daily; catechized her children, and taught them the good knowledge of the Lord betimes. She died of a consumption, leaving behind her one son and five daughters. A little before she died she had this saying, 'My head is in heaven, and my heart is in heaven; it is but one step more, and I shall be there too.'"

MAGDALENE OLLYVER was the maiden name of the mother of Edward Winslow, 1595-1655, one of the famous hundred men, women, and children, known as the "Pilgrim Fathers" who set sail from Plymouth in the *Mayflower* on 6th September, 1620, and landing on 21st December, founded what are now the United States of America. Winslow was Governor of the Colony from 1624, and made three journeys to England in its interests. He was a friend of Cromwell's. In 1649 he published a tract—*The Glorious Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians of New England.* He was the first to bring over cattle from Britain. He is the only Pilgrim Father of whom a portrait exists. Some of his letters are still preserved. In one of them he warns "idlers, beggars, and persons with a dainty tooth" against emigrating. In another he tells intending voyagers to let "their meal be so hard trod in your cask that you shall need an

Magdalene de Valois.

Queen of Scotland for one-hundred-and-eighty days.

they thought best became them.

Once a kind-hearted woman left a penny in the box; and once some body wrote "Thank you" on it, and once some other wrote on a piece of paper, "Thank you kindly, whoever you are."

But the greatest compliment was paid him after he was dead. A young married woman had the little cottage then, and one day there came up the road to it a handsome young couple. The man introduced himself as an engineer home on furlough from Bombay and five weeks married. "And," said he, "my wife and I thought we would like to come and see the place where we became engaged five years ago. It was at the foot of the road there. There were some flowers sticking in the dyke and we pulled out two of them, a white rose and a red one, and we have them yet. I just heard a little ago in the village that it was an old man and his wife who lived here who used to put flowers there, and I'm sorry to learn they are both dead I would have liked to thank him."

"Ay, you would be surprised," said the woman, "how many people come and ask about them. The garden was taken from us by the factor when we came, but lots of people come and say they used to get flowers here on the holiday when they were little, and my weans say if ever we have a garden they'll do what old Mr. Dinwoodie did."

"Dinwoodie! What a queer name!"

"Ay, it's a queer name, and some folks that didna like the old man and his wife used to call them the 'Dune bodies' instead; you see they were jealous of them and said they put flowers there for a show-off."

"You mentioned a factor; who is he?"

"Oh that's his lordship's factor, and I'll tell you a story about him. Mr. Dinwoodie found a bonnie plank on the sea shore one day and he got some other bits of wood and made a fine seat close to the dyke and painted it green, and his lordship is a great gambler, and one night he had won £300, they say, at cards from a poor officer that he had invited to the shooting, and I suppose his conscience was jagging him, and he was riding along the road in a passion and saw the old man, and you see I suppose he had heard about the flowers too, and indeed there were some of them sticking in the wa' that very minute, and says he, 'You have no right to put that seat there for all the scum in creation to sit on.' My word, but the auld man flew up at that, and said, 'Scum in creation! scum in creation! I suppose, sir, you call yourself the cream o' society, the cream o' the cream, but let me tell you, sir, that the worst scum that passes along this road is the scum that gangs in and oot o' your gate!' And do you know, his lordship told the story himself to some of his companions, and it got abroad, and when that grand dairy kind o' a place was built at the station and they called it 'The Creamery' his lordship's castle was called 'The Scummery,' and it's weel named."

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

This Boy has thrown his piece of bread on the ground, because his Mother has put syrup on it instead of strawberry jam.

"Burn this Letter."

But there is nothing covered up that shall not be revealed. What ye have spoken in the ear in the inner chambers shall be proclaimed upon the house tops.—Luke 12, 2. (R.V.)

In a few weeks the people of the United States of America will be choosing a President for the next four years, and there will be such on-goings, both before and after the election, as happily are still unknown in our country. In some of the chief cities there will be processions of 20,000, 40,000, 50,000 men, whole armies, four deep, miles long, waving banners, and keeping step to some refrain which they chant in unison.

Twenty years ago the rival candidates were Mr. Grover Cleveland, Democrat, and Mr. James G. Blaine, Republican. What the Republicans sang as they marched I do not know, but I have heard men describe how they listened for hours, from morning to night, to the ceaseless tramp of the Democrats as they marched shouting

"Grover: Grover:
Clean Walk: Over."

But even more effective and impressive were the words of this other refrain:

"Burn This: Letter:
Burn This: Letter"

Mr. Blaine, it seems, had written a private letter during the electoral campaign, which he hoped would satisfy the scruples of some hesitating member of his party whose goodwill and influence he was eager not to lose. At the head of it he wrote —"*Burn this letter.*" And just as impregnable fortresses are always taken, and irresistible obstacles are brushed aside, and unanswerable arguments are more than met, and impossible things are soonest done, and the unexpected is that which invariably happens, so letters that are marked "private" become public property every day, and documents that are "to be burned" come to the light in another kind of way. And the reason is obvious. Such papers are, if not important, at least interesting, and the person who gets them wishes to read them twice before he burns them, and so he lays them past, and whether carefully or carelessly does not matter; they fall some day into other hands. For there is nothing hid that shall not be known.

So James Nimmo the Covenanter found to his cost. "The officers came to my father's in the night time," he tells us, "and searched the house at their pleasure, and finding several letters of mine to him, on which account he was guilty by their law of converse with his only son (o hard law) and so carried him and all his papers and money, and brought all to Edinburgh, where after reading the letters before the Council, one of the Lords smiled and said to my father, 'If ye had obeyed your son ye had not comed here,' for in the end of each letter I had said, '*Read and burn.*'"

The first morning a Mohammedan boy enters school, he is set to copy on his slate the first words in the Koran, *Praise be to God*, an elder boy naming for him the letters and showing him how to form them — *Weir's "The Shaikhs of Morocco."*

Reasons for not going to Church. 6th Series.

*This Gentleman has not gone to Church since the Lords gave their decision, because, he says, "he is disgusted with the utterly unbusiness-like methods of ministers, who are always making a mess of things." Some people would not think his judgment so valuable, from the fact that he has himself been three times bankrupt, and on the last occasion the Trustee was only able to declare a "*FIRST AND FINAL DIVIDEND*" of sevenpence in the pound.*

1	Tu	For a pretence they make long prayers.—*Mark 12, 40.*
2	W	Having a form of godliness.—*2 Tim. 3, 5.* "Dr. Ball, Treasurer of Christ Church, Oxford, drew out all the College Funds one day because he found the banker would talk about nothing but religion. Next day the bank failed."—*Max Müller's Autobiography.*
3	Th	Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?—*Luke 22, 48.*
4	F	This people honoureth Me with their lips;
5	S	But their heart is far from Me.—*Matt. 15, 8.*
6	S	Who can understand his errors?—*Ps. 19, 12.*
7	M	. . . Shall know every man the plague of his own heart.—*1 Kgs. 8, 38.*
8	Tu	He that pleadeth his cause first seemeth just.—*Pro. 18, 17 (R. V.)*
9	W	But his neighbour cometh and searcheth him out. "Sir Richard Pollock gave this as an instance of an irregular verb—'I *am firm*, thou *art obstinate*, he *is a pig-headed fool.*'"—*Grant Duff's Diaries.*
10	Th	Lean not upon thine own understanding.
11	F	O God, Thou knowest my foolishness.—*Ps. 69, 5.*
12	S	Mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself.—*Job 42, 6.*
13	S	My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.—*Matt. 11, 29.*
14	M	If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?—*2 Kgs. 5, 13.* "Sentimental Tommy was always at home among the superlatives, it was the little things that bothered him."—*Mr. J. M. Barrie.*
15	Tu	Peter said, Lord, with Thee I am ready to go to death.
16	W	Thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest Me.—*Luke 22, 34 (R. V.)*
17	Th	What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?—*Matt. 26, 40.*
18	F	He that is faithful in a very little
19	S	Is faithful also in much.—*Luke 16, 10 (R. V.)*
20	S	Give me also springs of water.—*Josh. 15, 19.*
21	M	All my fountains are in Thee.—*Ps. 87, 7 (R. V.)*
22	Tu	Like a tree planted by the rivers of water.—*Ps. 1, 3.* Rills that lose themselves In matted grass, that with a livelier green Betrays the secret of their silent course.—*Cowper.*
23	W	They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them.—*1 Cor. 10, 4.*
24	Th	Thy speech bewrayeth thee.—*Matt. 26, 73.*
25	F	If the root be holy, so are the branches.—*Rom. 11, 16.*
26	S	I am in My Father, and you in Me, and I in you.—*John 14, 20.*
27	S	Mary saith, Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away.—*John 20 15.* "Him, Him, and Him, and never names Him, or tells who He is. This is love's own dialect."—*Lancelot Andrewes, 1555-1626.*
28	M	Him that filleth all in all.—*Eph. 1, 23.*
29	Tu	Christ is all, and in all.—*Col. 3, 3, 11.*
30	W	Christ who is our Life.

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The Morning Watch.

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"What a lot of fighting! I wonder if they know about it in Heaven. Will Mother know?"

"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1904, Vol. XVII., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

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The Captured Guns.

ALONG the principal front of the Arsenal in the Kremlin or Citadel of Moscow—considered the most sacred spot in the whole Russian Empire—there are 875 cannon, arranged in long rows, all captured in war. Of these, 365 were taken from the French during their retreat in 1812. A prisoner taken in war means only the loss to one side of a fighting man, but a gun taken means a gun added to the other side as well, and few things dishearten an army more than the sound of their own artillery firing against them. The Czar Nicholas, who fought against us in the Crimea, great-grandfather of the present Czar, had two great ambitions, Mr. Kinglake the historian tells us; the one, in time of peace, to attain to the character represented by the phrase "An English Gentleman," a man whose word is as good as his bond; the other, in war, to be like the Duke of Wellington,

> For this is England's greatest son,
> He that gained a hundred fights,
> *Nor ever lost an English gun.*

Three-hundred-and-sixty-five is a suggestive number—a gun each day for a year. But in the year now closing we have had 366 days, and every day represents, not one gun, one weapon given us by God, but many. How many, who can tell? who can imagine? "In the course of a short walk one day," says a lady writing of the godly Marchioness of Waterford, one of the greatest beauties of her time, "I counted seven distinct acts of kindness that she did." Seven seems a great many. But if we saw with God's eyes, seventy-times-seven would not reckon up the number of our opportunities in the shortest walk we take. And what if we have been losing all these every day throughout this long year! What can we do but go to God and ask Him to redeem them, to win them back for us and for Himself? The year is not ended yet. We have lost many battles, perhaps every battle so far; there is time by His grace to fight one more, and win! There is time to redeem not only this year before it be gone, but time to redeem those years of which we so often but so wrongly say, that they are gone for ever. It is His Own promise: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm."

One day a noted character in Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, was entering a public-house. Dr. Hood Wilson followed, and, lifting the coppers laid on the counter, said, "These belong to your wife and children." He took him by the arm before the astonished publican could speak, walked with him all the way home, and saw him safely in bed.—*Dr. Wells' Life of Dr. J. Hood Wilson.*

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

(Continued from page 126.)

What is thy name?

Margaret.

MARGARET means *pearl.* It is a very pretty name, and next to MARY is the greatest favourite in Scotland.

MARGARET LAW was the brave wife of John Nisbet of Hardhill, who fought at Pentland and Drumclog, and held the post of danger at the bridge at Bothwell, and suffered martyrdom in the Grassmarket in December, 1685, about whom you may read in the *Scots Worthies* or in Mr. Smellie's *Men of the Covenant.* (Isn't that the book, by the bye, that your mother said she might perhaps give you, lucky fellow! at the New Year? and your brother was to get Mr. J. H. Thomson's *The Martyr Graves of Scotland?* Your mother is a wise woman, I tell you!)

When her husband was proclaimed a rebel, and a price set on his head, Mrs. Nisbet was turned adrift upon the world, and at length, after four years of hardship and anxiety, died one winter's day "in a sheep's cot, where was no light or fire but that of a candle, no bed but that of straw, no stool but the ground to sit on." Word was sent as soon as possible to her husband, but before he arrived she had been in the grave for several days. Worse still, there was a little coffin lying awaiting him. His daughter had died a few hours before, and in a corner lay two of his boys in the delirium of fever. "One of the company said, 'Sir, I hope ye know Who hath done this.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I know that He hath done it that makes all things work together for the good of them that love Him, and keep His way, and this is my comfort. Also, it doth comfort me very much that my wife, whom ye have already buried out of my sight, *bears the mouth that never bade me do that that might hurt my conscience*, notwithstanding of all the trouble she met with on my account; but on the contrary, when I was telling her at any time I dare not do such or such a thing, she would have said, 'Well, then, see you do it not, come of me and my bairns what will. God lives, we need not be afraid; and if ye, they, and I were once fairly in Immanuel's land, we shall be richly made up.'"

"My Mother, MARGARET AITKEN CARLYLE," says Thomas Carlyle, "was a woman of to me the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just, and the wise. Her mother, MARGARET SMITH AITKEN, an Annandale farmer's wife of small possessions, though of large and faithful soul, had by strenuous industry and thrift saved for herself twenty complete shillings—an actual £1 note, wholly her own, to do what she liked with!—and was much concerned to lay it up in some place of absolute safety against a rainy day. She tried anxiously all her 'hussives,' boxes, drawers, a cunning hole in the wall, various places, but found none satisfactory, and was heard ejaculating, to the

What is thy name? Margaret.

amusement of her young daughters who never forgot it, 'They have troubles that hae the worl' and troubles that haena't.' She was a woman to be proud of, or silently to be thankful to heaven for. It was my mother who told us this story about her, with a touch of gentle humour, pathos, and heart's love, which we were used to on such a subject. It is inconceivable, till you have seen the documents, what the pecuniary poverty of Scotland was 150 years ago, and again its spiritual opulence."

MARGARET GORDON, afterwards Lady Bannerman, wife of an M.P. who became a Colonial Governor, was Carlyle's first love. She was the original of Blumine in *Sartor Resartus*, "some one's cousin, high-born, and of high spirit, but unhappily dependent, living perhaps on the not too gracious bounty of moneyed relations." "She was of fair complexion, softly elegant, softly grave, witty and comely, and had a good deal of gracefulness, intelligence, and other content. To me, who had only known her a few months, and who within twelve or fifteen more saw the last of her, she continued, for perhaps three years, a figure hanging more or less in my fancy, on the usual romantic, or latterly quite elegiac and silent terms, and to this day there is in me a good will to her. Her accent was prettily English, and her voice very fine. . . . . I saw her for the last time in 1840, on horseback both of us and meeting in the gate of Hyde Park, when her eyes (but that was all) said to me almost touchingly, Yes, yes, that is you."

Her friends apparently thought her "too highly connected" to marry one who was then in their eyes only a poor Kirkcaldy schoolmaster. In her farewell letter to him, she wrote: "And now, my dear friend, a long, long adieu! One advice; and, as a parting one, consider, value it. Cultivate the milder dispositions of your heart. In time your abilities must be known. Among your acquaintance they are already beheld with wonder and delight. Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners. . . . Again, adieu! . . . . When you think of me, be it as of a kind sister, to whom your happiness will always yield delight, and your griefs sorrow. . . . . I give you not my address, because I dare not promise to see you."

NURSE MARGARET played a great part in the lives of Lord Lawrence, Viceroy of India, and his brother Sir Henry. In their infancy her room was "the sanctuary of peace and tenderness and repose in a somewhat stiff and stern household. Now and then, against all the laws of the Medes and Persians, she ventured to turn the children's tea into a feast" by giving them jam, though Henry would never touch it, because his mother had said they were only to have bread and milk. Long after the children had grown up and her own proper work was done, she continued, as was right, to be a member of the family, the one the most indispensable to each and all of them. Lord Lawrence's first journey, when he returned to England after her death, was a pilgrimage to the spot in a distant county where she

What is thy name? Margaret.

was buried. He used to say he could have recognised her hand everywhere or anywhere by simply feeling it. She had sat beside him in a darkened room, holding him and reading to him, for the greater part of a year, when he was a child of five and his eyes troubled him. When he was a man he named one of his daughters after her. One of the things he liked to tell was his defence of her once, when she was accused of stealing in the market at Ostend and taken before a Magistrate. She was so much put about that all she could say was, "I am Col. Lawrence's servant and this is his little boy." Hearing himself thus referred to, the boy, who had been clinging to her skirts all the time, came out from behind her, and said, "Sir, this is our old nurse Margaret, she is a very good woman, and all she says is quite true." "Well done, my little man," said the Magistrate, as he sent them away, "you spoke up for your nurse bravely." The boy walked home very proud, thinking he must now take care of her and not she of him!

Your heavenly Father feedeth them.—Matt. 6, 26.

A Player on Stringed Instruments.

The Last Leaf on the Tree.

THE leaves of the Weeping Elm in the old minister's garden, for the most part, got on well together, but some of them were a little given to finding fault. One leaf, they would say, was keeping the sun or the rain from them, or letting the sun beat, and the rain drip, too

much. Or another leaf was either obstructing the view or, when the wind moved it, rubbing itself needlessly against them. One leaf claimed to be the biggest, another the cleanest, a third the most symmetrical, a fourth was the topmost, while a fifth gloried in this that it almost touched the ground. When chill October came and the fire of autumn shone in the leaves, and each morning saw a new shower of them falling earthward when the frost took the air; above all, when the leaves saw the little buds appear that were to oust them from their place and become the leaves of another summer, then with their melancholy a new tenderness sprang up amongst them. They were to be so short a time together, they felt they should be as kind and gentle as they could. A bitter word sounds ill on a dying tongue.

One leaf, however, continued quarrelling and boasting to the end. It meant to hold on and be the last leaf on the tree. Oh how it taunted its comrades on the ground, as it watched them being slowly dragged down by worms! "Fulfilling your destiny!" it would say to them; "don't talk to me about that, or about a new generation, and a better resurrection! This present life for me! I live for myself and for myself alone."

In the last week of October the wind blew a whole gale one night. Branches were broken, trees thrown down, and but one solitary leaf, and that the boaster, remained on the Weeping Elm. It felt a bit queer, as if something were wrong, it couldn't tell what, but as its position was unchanged and its colour seemed as fresh as ever, it began taunting its fallen neighbours as aforetime. "I told you I would be the last," it said. Yet in its heart it envied them, for they were dancing merrily all over the green, and playing 'tig' with the cat. When they were tired with that, they would rest a while, and then the blackbirds would come and toss them to the right and left and affect to spurn them, but all in jest. And when that play was finished and night had come, the leaves would huddle close to the windward of some bush or stone, and talk in whispers till the break of day, and the last leaf would hear them, for nothing carries so far as a whispering.

* * * *

Ten days after the storm the leaves were talking together one night more than usual, for the planet Jupiter was at its brightest and they were wake-rife.

"Why is our friend the last leaf so quiet this day or two?" said one of them.

"But it is holding on as firm as ever," said another.

"Yes," said a third, "and it may hold on for weeks and months yet, but do you not know why? It's because the branch it is on is dead! It was broken that night of the storm, and the leaf didn't know it. It is true it had no rival, and seemed to outlive us all, but, unlike us, it can have no successor. No leaf in all the days to come will bless the branch made richer by its presence."

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

THAT old Gentleman is the kindest person in the whole neighbourhood, and even now was on his way with some little gifts to three old lonely women.

This tumble that he has got means not only fifteen months of great and continuous suffering to him; it means also *six years taken off his life.*

Do you not think these two boys, if they knew that, would be sorry for having laughed when they saw him fall?

The Free Church Crisis.

And the men which have been expressed by name rose up, and took the captives, and with the spoil clothed all that were naked among them, and arrayed them, and shod them, and gave them to eat and to drink, and anointed them, and carried all the feeble of them upon asses, and brought them to Jericho, the city of palm trees.—2 Chron. 28, 15—R. V.

WHY is that little touch of poetry thrown in here—Jericho, *the city of palm trees?*

To the natives of any town or village its very name is musical at times. Be it ever so homely, there's no place like home. But in addition to this beauty, which only the "love-light" in the eyes of its inhabitants can give, there is something about most towns that makes them famous—some event, some product, some natural feature, some illustrious man. It is with our birth-places as with our mothers. God wishes us to have some reason not only to love them, but to be proud of them.

It was said of John Bright, the greatest orator of his time, that he knew when to call London *London*, and when to call it *the Capital of England*. There is a time for everything under the sun. Few things, for example, irritate the captains of our Clyde steamers more than the habit many women have of deferring their adieux, and their entreaties for letters and post cards, and "remember me to Fred, mind and not forget!" to the very last moment. There is a time to embrace, an angry skipper may well say, and a time to refrain from embracing. Let sisterly love continue, but the sisters must not loiter on the gangway! Ten seconds lost at this pier may mean ten minutes at the next, if the opposition boat gets in first. So there is a time to speak poetry, and a time to speak prose, a time to say "Edina, Scotia's darling seat," but it is not when one is at the booking-clerk's window at a railway station, on a public holiday, with a crowd of excursionists behind one, and one minute till the train starts. Then one must only say, "Edinburgh, third return, please. . . . . Thank you." Now why does the sacred writer, or rather, why does God say here, "Jericho, the city of palm trees?" Was there any need for these last words?

1. They show us the joy of God. I hope you will read the chapter from the beginning. It is one of the bonniest stories in the Bible, and outside the Bible there is nothing like it. Judah had been defeated by Ephraim in battle, and deserved to be defeated, because it had forsaken the Lord God. 120,000 men had fallen, and 200,000 women, sons, and daughters had been taken captive, and there was also much spoil. But when the victors returned, the prophet Oded met them, and reminded them that though the men of Judah had been sinners, great sinners, the Ephraimites had been sinners too, and by taking such advantage of their victory were only adding to their sin. And then a wonderful thing happened. Four brave men, heads of the children of Ephraim, stood up, and what did they say? They might have founded their claim on *Law*. They might have said, "We are only

taking what the law, the universal, immemorial, indisputable law of nations, in time of war, allows." They might have gone a long way further, and founded their claim on JUSTICE, and on THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD. They might have said, "This is the Lord's doing; to give up the captives and restore the spoil would be to undo His work, to fly in His face, to run upon the thick bosses of the bucklers of the Almighty." Had they been even like many Christians now-a-days, they would have considered it enough to say in self-defence—"And if the men of Judah had won the day and taken 200,000 of *us* captive, do you think *they* would have sent *us* back?" But the men of Ephraim were wise, for once. They conferred not with flesh and blood, but believed in God. He had given them one victory, and that a great one. By refusing to take advantage of it, and by returning good for evil, above all, by thinking of their own sins, they were winning not only a second and a greater victory over their enemies, but a third victory, and that the greatest of all, a *victory over themselves*. And God was so well pleased with what they did, that He, as it were, breaks into singing when He tells the story; He not only records it, but records it lovingly. Such faith and love He had never found in Israel before.

2. But the phrase shows us also *the joy of the captives*. We only know our mercies after they have been taken from us for a time. Go into a hospital, and you find a patient beaming with delight. His temperature, he tells you, which was 104° all Monday and Tuesday and yesterday, is down to 99°. No wonder he is happy. And yet yours and mine, I presume, is only 98°, just what it should be, but not one of us, I am certain, blessed God for that to-day. People who go to the coast for two months tell us that, after all, the best bit of a holiday is the coming back—at least that is what fathers and mothers say. There are so many drawbacks in a strange place and in another person's house. So Jericho had its disadvantages. It was excessively hot and close in summer. Robbers lurked in all the roads that led to it. But once its inhabitants had been dragged up the hills and through the defiles, and had become acquaint with chains and slavery, they remembered its beauty and missed its charm; and when their enemies had proved themselves in the eyes of the whole world to be brethren, and had shown the heathen that, after all, the descendants of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob were not like other men, but better, it is not strange that they felt uplifted and their tongues broke forth into song, when they saw once more, but with new eyes, the old familiar palms. And if the young people then were like young people now, I have no doubt some of them would take up flints and scribble on the rocks—"Good old Jericho," "Jericho for ever."

And when they said their prayers that night, they would not forget the good Samaritans who had treated them so handsomely, ay, so divinely.

Reasons for not going to Church.

This Woman is "done with the Church," she says, because her husband's cousin had a fine new umbrella stolen out of the porch last Sabbath week, "and if THAT'S *religion——"*

1	TH	Honour thy father and thy mother, as the Lord hath commanded thee;
2	F	That thy days may be prolonged,
3	S	And that it may go well with thee.—*Deut. 5, 16.* "Every Friday during 59 years he sent a letter home, except when he was there or was hindered by health. After his mother's death he sent a weekly letter to his sister." —*The Life of Dr. J. Hood Wilson of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh, by Dr. James Wells.*
4	S	The Son of man is come to seek that which was lost.—*Luke 19, 10.*
5	M	He heard my cry.
6	TU	He brought me up also out of an horrible pit.—*Ps. 40, 2.*
7	W	He liked me.—*2 Chron. 28, 4.* Dr. Wilson asked an old woman of 80 who was preparing for "first Communion" what her qualifications were. "Qualifications!" she exclaimed, "I hae nae ony ava, I'm just a puir sinfu' body."
8	TH	While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.
9	F	Justified by His blood.—*Rom. 5, 8.*
10	S	He that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat.—*Is. 55, 1.*
11	S	Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.—*Rev. 3, 20.*
12	M	If any man open——. What a strange *If!*
13	TU	All day long I have stretched forth My hands unto a gainsaying people.—*Rom. 10, 21.* "Lady Grey said to me at least three times, 'Come and sit here, Mr. Creevey.'"—*The Creevey Papers, 1831.*
14	W	I write for him My law in ten thousand precepts.—*Hos. 8, 12 (R. V.)*
15	TH	Israel would none of Me.—*Ps. 81, 11.*
16	F	Make haste; to-day I must abide at thy house.—*Luke 19, 5.*
17	S	Jesus, gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner!
18	S	Awake, why sleepest Thou, O Lord?—*Ps. 44, 23.*
19	M	He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.—*Ps. 121, 4.*
20	TU	When I awake, I am still with Thee.—*Ps. 139, 18.*
21	W	As he lay and slept under a juniper tree, an angel touched him.
22	TH	And he looked, and, behold, a cake baken on the coals.—*1 Kings 19, 5.* "The angel gave Elijah breakfast in bed," I heard a young divine say lately.
23	F	Jesus saith, Come and break your fast.—*John 21, 12 (R. V.).* Gen. Wauchope got up an hour before his men in his first Egyptian campaign, and gathered wood, and lighted fires for their breakfast.
24	S	For He knoweth our frame.—*Ps. 103, 14.*
25	S	The Lord reigneth.—*Ps. 97.*
26	M	Clouds and darkness are around about Him:
27	TU	Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.
28	W	Jesus answered them, Do ye now believe? "The Good news takes the sting out of all that men call evil tidings."—*Heavenly Springs. Selections from Dr. Andrew Bonar's Writings, by his Daughter.* A delightful little book; a fine New Year's Gift.
29	TH	In the world ye shall have tribulation:
30	F	BUT BE OF GOOD CHEER:
31	S	I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD.—*John 16, 31.*

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